LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
823
Ar 57n
v. 3

NEW NOVELS IN THE PRESS.

In Three Vols. (In November.)

COMMON SENSE,

By Mrs. J. C. Newby,

Author of "Wondrous Strange," "Kate Kennedy," &c.

In Three Vols. (In November.)

MAGGIE LYNNE,

By Alton Clyde,

Author of "Tried and True," &c.

In Three Vols. (In November.)

A TROUBLED STREAM,

By C. Hardcastle,

Author of "The Cliffords of Oakley," "Constance Dale."

THE

GENERAL FURNISHING

AND

UPHOLSTERY COMPANY

(LIMITED),

F. J. ACRES, MANAGER,

24 and 25, Baker Street, W.

The Company are now Exhibiting all the most approved Novelties of the Season in

CARPETS, CHINTZES,

MUSLIN CURTAINS,

And every variety of textile fabric for Upholstery purposes constituting the most recherché selection in the trade.

THE NAVAL LIEUTENANT.

A NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

F. C. ARMSTRONG,

Author of "The Two Midshipmen," "The Lily of Devon," "The Medora," "The Queen of the Seas," &c., &c.

VOL. III.

London:
T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
1865.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

823
A m57n
v.3

THE NAVAL LIEUTENANT.

CHAPTER I.

A SLEEPLESS night followed Augustus Chamberlain's interview with Lady Georgina and his cousin, so vexed was he they had thought it right to confide their love affairs to him. He did not exactly admire the part he had to play, and yet he could not for a moment think of refusing to act, knowing that by so doing he might destroy the future prospects of a very beautiful and charming girl.

Whilst sitting at breakfast the next morning, pondering over the strange destinies of the females of the Linwood family, the door opened, and John Hawkins entered the room,

followed by a very handsome young man, in the undress uniform of a lieutenant of the royal navy.

Our hero sprung from his chair, exclaiming, "Ah, Spencer, my dear fellow, I am rejoiced to see you," grasping the handsome stranger by the hand, which grasp was as cordially and vigorously returned.

"By Jove! I am so glad to see you, Gusty; but I am dreadfully hungry. Hawkins, my fine fellow," he added, taking a chair. "Pull the bell, for I'm going to have a jolly breakfast with our friend."

Hawkins did as requested, and when the waiter made his appearance sundry additions were added to the previous order for breakfast, and, when placed on the table, all three seated themselves with the decided intention of making a clear stage of the tempting fare before them.

"By Jove! Chamberlain," exclaimed Charles Spencer, helping himself to a portion of a tempting beef-steak, "your friend, John

Hawkins, roused me out of my nest just as I was preparing to take a nap. Last night I was engaged to sup with two Pelicans and four Dragons, who were in town; and, by the powers, we kept it up, as you may imagine, till daylight. However, when honest John disturbed me I was soon rigged, hearing some extraordinary rigmarole about a confounded baronet with more pluck than brains who wanted to have a pop at you; so here I am—first-rate steak, John, eh?"

"Yes, sir," returned the worthy mate so kindly invited to breakfast with them; "it's capital."

"But how, in the name of fortune, Hawkins," questioned our hero, "did you find the whereabouts of Lieutenant Spencer?"

"Well, in truth, sir, by sheer good luck. I was going along Pall Mall last night, and I came against, or rather, the truth is, he came against me, a blue jacket, three sheets in the wind; he being a powerfully-built man, nearly

capsized me on my beam ends. 'Hallo!' said I.

"'Confound your steering,' returned he. 'Why the blazes don't you keep your weather eye open, you land lubber. It's not so thick but that you could see a craft coming stern on, eh? None of your jaw,' he continued, as I strove to edge in a word. 'Put your helm a-starboard, and go to Jericho;' so saying, he was forging a head, when I recollected the voice, and caught him by the arm, saying—

"'What, the deuce, is that you, Dick? Dick Figgins, don't you remember your old shipmate, John Hawkins?'

"Dick gave me a jerk under a lamp, took a survey of my phiz, and then, with a cheer, grasped my hand. Ah, what a grasp of iron that man gives; he made my fingers tingle, and brought tears into my eyes."

Charles Spencer laughed heartily.

"Yes, yes; I can fancy Dick Figgins's grip. You might as well put your hand in a

vice. He's one of the most powerful fellows you ever met."

"I remember him well, Charley," said our hero, with a smile.

"Yes, sir," interrupted Hawkins, "and he remembers you. He swears there's not a man in the service but yourself that will stand a clasp of his hand without wincing."

"He is now quarter master on board the Pelican," remarked Lieutenant Spencer, "and as fine a specimen of a man-of-war's-man as ever trod a deck. He got leave to come up to town to enjoy himself, and, as he said, to let some of the land lubbers have a share of his prize-money; and I have no doubt he will spend his hard-earned cash freely. He told you, Hawkins, I suppose, where I was brought to anchor?"

"Yes, sir," returned the mate; "but before I could get that information out of him I had to swallow four strong tumblers of hot grog, which I confess sent me to my hammock —a sheet or so in the wind."

Having finished a most excellent breakfast, our hero gave his friend a concise and clear account of his rencontre with the baronet, and its result.

"Well, by the immortal Jove!" exclaimed the young man. "You have a beauty to deal with. I never heard of a more ungentlemanly act. It strikes me this baronet presumes on his being a crack shot; and as duelling is now the rage, he seeks to keep up a reputation of great skill, and probably trusts to this reputation to deter any nervous person from meeting him. You will teach him a lesson that may cost him dear—a blue-jacket cannot be insulted with impunity."

Leaving Hawkins to receive anyone who might call with a message from the baronet, and giving orders to refer him to Lieutenant Spencer, at the Bath Hotel, Piccadilly, our hero and his friend left the house, in order to pay a visit to the officers of the Pelican, this vessel having been lately paid-off; but which would, in a few weeks, be re-commissioned.

About one o'clock Mr. Hawkins was interrupted in the perusal of a favourite book by the entrance of the waiter.

"There is a gentleman below, sir, who wishes to see Lieutenant Chamberlain—here's his card, sir."

John Hawkins took the card, telling the waiter to show the gentleman up. As he closed the door, he read the address on the card, "Captain H. V. S. Baillie, 26th Regiment of Foot."

The door opened, and Captain Baillie entered the room. Hawkins rose, and faced the stranger, who, at the first sight of the honest sailor's face, started, and seemed as if about to run away; but instantly recovering himself, he said, in a husky tone, and slightly coughing,—

"I requested to see Lieutenant Chamberlain; you are not that gentleman."

"How do you know that?" asked Hawkins, with a puzzled, mystified feeling at the huge whiskered and moustached stranger.

Moustaches were not then worn by every one who could coax a sufficiency of bristles on his upper lip to constitute a moustache.

Captain Baillie coughed, took his handkerchief out, and kept it to his face, as he said—

"My business is with Lieutenant Chamberlain. As he is not here, I must call another time."

The captain was turning round, when Hawkins suddenly made a step towards him, saying, "I think Joseph Turner would be nearer the name your worthy godfathers and godmothers gave you than that of Baillie. I know you—you are an escaped convict."

The astounded captain did not wait till Hawkins could grasp his arm, for he instantly bolted. As he rushed out of the room, pursued by the mate, he unfortunately encountered the waiter on the stairs, carrying a tray with two wine decanters. In a moment down went the waiter, tray, glasses, &c.—John Hawkins with the greatest difficulty saving himself from going over him. On

rushed Captain H. V. S. through the hall, and in another minute the street would have been gained; but just then Lieutenant Chamberlain entered the hall. Perceiving the stranger running away, and Hawkins and half-a-dozen waiters and two housemaids with sweeping brushes pursuing, our hero instantly grasped the fugitive by the collar.

The captain was a strong man, and driven to extremities, showed fight; but his violent exertions to escape only deprived him of his huge whiskers and moustache, which lay scattered upon the floor of the hall.

"What's all this about?" asked our hero, as Hawkins arrived with his allies, the waiters and two maids, reinforced by various other members of the household. The two girls picked up the discarded emblems of the discomfited captain's military rank with great glee.

"Who is this man, Hawkins, and what has he done?" enquired our hero.

"Beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed the overturned waiter, limping up; "don't let him go—he's smashed a bottle of sherry, four glasses, and, faith, nearly driven all the wind out of my body."

"Curse you and your wind," cried the man, in his natural voice; "and you, too, John Hawkins. I had my knife once within an inch of your ribs, and if ever I have the like opportunity again you shall have a taste of it, and no mistake."

"I will take deuced good care, Joe Turner, that you never have that opportunity. He's an escaped convict, sir," added the mate to Lieutenant Chamberlain, "hand him over to the police, and they will take care of him."

Two constables from Bow Street were sent for; and in half-an-hour Joseph Turner was carefully provided with a secure lodging at his Majesty's expense.

"What in the world, Hawkins," said our hero, as they entered the drawing-room, "led

to the singular scene I have just witnessed. Who the deuce is Joe Turner, and what brought a returned convict here?"

"Faith, sir, he came here as the friend you expected from your respectable antagonist, the baronet," answered Mr. Hawkins, laughing heartily, "I am quite delighted, for there's an end of a duel in which little honour was to be gained."

"You do not mean, surely," exclaimed Lieutenant Chamberlain, with a flush upon his cheek, "that Sir Herbert Delme had the insolence to send a rascal of that kind to deliver me a message?"

"Upon my conscience, sir, he came here with a very fine name; there's his card on the table, Captain H.V. S. Baillie, 26th Regiment of Foot,—and had a very imposing appearance, with a tremendous pair of whiskers and moustache. But he certainly could never have expected to see John Hawkins, first mate of the Neptune, when he called on Lieutenant Chamberlain."

"What a consummate scoundrel this Sir Herbert Delme must be, to associate with such characters, and to dare to employ such to insult an antagonist he had provoked by his own insolence. But, my good friend, you have rendered me a very important service; for had I seen the man, I should very likely have simply referred him to Lieutenant Spencer, who would also have been deceived, and thus a duel might have taken place. That would have subjected us, most probably, to ridicule and much trouble. If Sir Herbert annoys me again I will horsewhip him; to fight him now is out of the question."

"Depend on it, sir, you will neither see nor hear any more of Sir Herbert Delme," said the mate.

"But where did you get acquainted or meet that rascal, Joseph Turner."

"Well, you see, sir, I was, in the year '78, first mate of the Neptune transport ship. We were bound for Botany Bay, with about a hundred and twenty convicts aboard; fellows

who were thought too bad for even the royal navy. We were short handed, and had as bad a commander as you could pick out of a fleet. Amongst these convicts was this man, Joseph Turner; he was a well-looking fellow, with plenty of assurance, and really had received an excellent education. He was, however, a dissipated, reckless fellow, had committed several bad acts, and was finally tried for forgery and stabbing. Somehow or other he escaped capital punishment, and was only sentenced to transportation for life.

"He was a dangerous man in a ship, for he had what the sailors call the gift of the gab. He excited the other convicts to unruly acts. We had a bad captain, drunk five days out of the seven; and a bad crew besides. I advised the captain to seize Turner and one or two of the worst amongst the convicts, and put them in irons. "Do it yourself, and be —— to you," said Captain Heathcote savagely; "Curse the fellow, I'll strip the skin off his back."

"Well, though the skipper threatened, he did nothing; for when he took to his glass he forgot everything else, and did not care how things went on. But one day Joseph Turner's conduct was so outrageously bad and he uttered such threats, loudly calling on his comrades to rouse up and help him to take the ship, which they certainly led us to expect they would, that I rushed in amongst them, cutlass in hand, and seized Turner by the collar. He drew a long knife he had concealed in his vest, and struck a savage blow at my chest, whilst two of his comrades seized me by the legs, the others shouting, "throw the beggar overboard." Avoiding the blow of the knife, and kicking away my assailant, I brought Turner down with a blow over the right eye. But it was too late taking vigorous measures. The long-concerted plan to rise and take the ship was acted upon, and suddenly some sixty or seventy convicts rushed up from between decks, their fetters all off, and all armed

with pieces of chain and every available article of attack and defence they could seize. With a wild cheer, and with shouts of defiance, and vows of revenge, they fell upon the small party of marines, who, true as steel, turned up to oppose them. None of the crew showed any firmness, so when the marines were overpowered, we were driven, after a desperate fight, into the main cabin, leaving our skipper, who fought bravely, though half stupified by drink, our second mate and two marines, in their hands.

"At this time the ship was only a few miles off the port of San Pedros. It was the intention of the mutineers to run the ship ashore near this place. Having, as I said, gained the main cabin, we resolved to defend ourselves to the last, as we could very well imagine that no mercy would be shown us; so when we had an opportunity we fired through the skylight; but our fate would soon have been sealed, for they smashed in the skylight, and were proceeding to ferret us

out when a convict forward sung out, "A large ship in sight." This caused a cessation of hostilities, and we began to encourage hope.

"The ship turned out to be a British cruiser, and saved us, for the villains had killed the captain, and thrown him overboard, but spared the mate and the marine—they then took to the boats, and pulled vigorously for San Pedros. The vessel of war was the Pelican; her boats pursued the boats of the mutineers, with the escaped convicts, and captured two of them, but the others got into San Pedros, which fort opened fire upon the pursuing boats, and forced them to give up the chase.

"We, in the meantime, were busy in putting out the fire, for the rascals had set fire to the ship in two places. Providentially, we got the fire under. Four of the ringleaders were strung up to the main-yard of the Pelican. I was left in command of the ship after parting company with the cruiser, and got to Botany Bay with the rest of the convicts in safety.

Now, when this would-be Captain Baillie entered the room, my eyes chanced to rest upon a scar over his right eye, and the expression of the eye gave me the idea of having seen the fellow before; but when he spoke, I was quite struck with the tone of his voice, which was very remarkable, and at once I came to the conclusion that I beheld the convict Turner. I thought there would be no harm in trying a ruse, even if he was Captain Baillie, and the result proved that I was correct."

"What a scandalous, ungentlemanly act," said Lieut. Chamberlain, "of this Sir Herbert Delme. It is vexatious to think that a man of his family and connections, and his station in society, should conduct himself in such a disgraceful manner, and select as his associates such characters as that rascal Turner, who will most likely now be tried, and perhaps executed, for the murder of Captain Heathcote."

"He was certainly the chief instigator to

the mutiny; the other convicts and the crew were worked upon by his gift of the gab, and the brutality and drunkenness of Capt. Heathcote increased the excitement; but the spirit of mutiny was very rife at the time aboard many of our ships, and the recent mutiny of the Nore, which might have destroyed the navy of England for years, was its final extinction, I trust."

The next day our hero paid a visit to Mr. Calthurst. The domestic affliction the worthy solicitor had experienced by the conduct of his family, had prevented him from showing his hospitable disposition to our hero. Lady Delme had returned to her father's house, after having been deserted and cruelly ill-treated by her husband. Mr. Calthurst had received no intelligence from France; Lieut. Chamberlain did not at first mention what had occurred between himself and the baronet, but Mr. Calthurst had read in a morning paper of the arrest of a returned convict, at the —— hotel, detected by a naval

officer residing there of attempting fraud ; so that our hero was in a manner forced to tell Mr. Calthurst how the affair came about.

"Well," said the solicitor, in utter amazement, "it's well that there's a check to the baronet's detestable career at last. Sir Herbert Delme was arrested this morning for a debt of thirty thousand pounds, and he is now lodged in the Fleet Prison, from which it is by no means likely he will obtain his release for years, if ever, for there are twenty other creditors ready to pounce upon him, now the bubble has burst."

Our hero expressed his great regret and sympathy for Mr. Calthurst's unfortunate connection with such a man.

"It is a dearly bought lesson for my poor girl," said the lawyer, feelingly; "my son has to thank you, my dear sir, for your noble and ready kindness. He, too, has had a lesson that I trust will never be forgotten. I have every faith in his reformation, so that all things considered, though the ordeal myself

and children have passed through, have been painful and indeed heart-breaking, it has, like every dispensation of Providence, its beneficial results."

Calling at Lord Linwood's the following day, Lieut. Chamberlain found the admiral had returned to town the night before, and wished to see him in his study. His lordship received him very graciously. After answering his enquiries concerning the Earl of Linwood's health, the admiral said, "I find, on perusing letters I received this morning, that you will be required to proceed at once to Plymouth, and hurry the equipment of the corvette. The dockyard people say that, after some alterations, and increase of masts and sails, she will be the fastest vessel of her size afloat. You must make the best of your way, and join Lord Nelson's fleet in the Mediterranean. On your arrival, you will deliver up the corvette to St. George Forester, and then join your own ship, the Leander. It is expected that the hostile fleets

will shortly meet—the result will be of momentous consequence to this country. The earl, my brother, wishes you to retire from the service, as you are the next in succession to the title and estates of the Linwoods; but in your present position, you could scarcely do so with credit to yourself. Should you be so fortunate as to be present in the engagement that will assuredly take place, and survive, I will get you nominated a commander, and you may retire with honour and credit. My brother will then settle on you a handsome allowance, as next heir."

The listener was certainly surprised at such generosity and expressed himself exceedingly grateful, in terms that quite satisfied the admiral, assuring him that he would be ready to set out for Plymouth at a moment's notice.

"Then you had better leave the day after to-morrow," said his lordship, "there will be a large amount of prize money due to you and your crew. This shall be looked after.

Despatches for Lord Nelson will be forwarded to you the day your vessel is ready for sea ; also a private packet for Commander Forester. Now, having settled matters of business, let me ask you what you think of my fair ward, Lady Georgina Deveaux ?"

" She is very charming, and, in truth, also a very lovely girl," answered our hero, rather demurely.

" Well," returned the admiral, " there are a great many who think the same. You have my permission ;" he added, indeed, it is my earnest wish, you should admire that young lady, and become a candidate for her hand —besides beauty and accomplishments, she will inherit forty to fifty thousand pounds."

" But, my dear uncle," interposed Augustus, not exactly relishing the prospect set before him, " the lady may not lend a willing ear to my addresses, on so limited an acquaintance."

"Oh!" said Lord Linwood, with a self-satisfied smile, "you are perhaps bashful.

Probably it will be your first adventure in this line, but you need not be afraid. I have prepared the way for you—Lady Georgina has, as yet, formed no attachment. She is quite free, and I may say, even from the little intercourse you have had, greatly pre-disposed in your favour. At all events, she will not be very much surprised at receiving an offer of your hand to-morrow. She knows you sail for the Mediterranean at once, and that there is an urgent necessity for this somewhat hasty proceeding. Be here to-morrow, early, and when you leave, I think you will acknowledge that you are one of the most fortunate young men in this kingdom."

The young lieutenant left Lord Linwood's mansion, by no means agreeing with his lordship as to his being the most fortunate young man in the kingdom. On the contrary, he was just convincing himself that he was placed in a most unhappy position. His whole thoughts and wishes were centered upon Annie Mortimer, whom he loved with

the most devoted affection; and now he was to sail from England ignorant of her fate, and it would be probably months before any tidings could reach him respecting her. Added to this, he felt his position with Lady Georgina rather ambiguous. He would much rather have boldly and honestly informed his uncle of his attachment to Miss Mortimer: he did not care anything himself about rank or position, although he loved his profession, and ardently desired to distinguish himself. His being the next in succession to the Linwood titles and estates, only became valuable in his ideas, as the means of securing the hand of Annie Mortimer, for it would be impossible for any guardians of Miss Mortimer to object to him, the future Earl of Linwood, as a suitor for the wealthy heiress's hand.

As he was passing along Piccadilly, he met Lieutenant Spencer, of the Pelican, and proceeded to the Bath Hotel, to dine with him. His friend laughed heartily at Mr. Hawkins's adventure with the convict, Joseph

Turner, though he declared the conduct of the baronet, in sending such a ruffian to a gentleman, with a message, was outrageous; but, nevertheless, it put an end to an affair, unpleasant in every way.

"When does your leave expire, Spencer?" enquired our hero, of his friend.

"It expired to-day, I am sorry to say. I shall leave for Plymouth to-morrow, or the day after."

"Say the day after," said our hero, "and we will start together. I heard this morning that I was to hasten to Plymouth, and hurry the repairs of the corvette, so as to sail for the Mediterranean as soon as possible."

"Ah," replied the young man, "there's nothing like having a lord, and especially a Lord of the Admiralty, for a relation, or a patron. That's a lucky fellow, that lieutenant St. George Forester, he's scarcely three years your senior, and he has been made a commander, and given a ship. You will have a ship, I'll wager my commission before

twelve months pass over your head. I have been a lieutenant five years and seven months, and likely to pass five more before I have a chance of being a commander; and a dozen more before I get the command of a ship, provided I keep my head on my shoulders all that time."

"There's too much truth in what you say, Charley. But since I have found out that I have a First Lord for an uncle, and an earl also, it may be in my power to do a friend a service."

"How the deuce was it, Gusty," said lieutenant Spencer, "that these aristocratic and powerful relatives of yours never acknowledged you after your father's death; they must have known that you were the next heir to the earldom, and the wealth of the Linwoods. Ye Gods! what a prospect you have before you."

"The fact is, Charles," said our hero, "Lord Linwood hoped to have a son of his own. He has been married twice, but Provi-

dence did not vouchsafe him children. So, seeing that I was, after all, no discredit to the family, was noticed by Commodore Nelson, and spoken well of by him, and that, if I lived, I must succeed to the title, they made a virtue of necessity, and graciously acknowledged me as their nephew."

"They ought to thank their stars that they are to be succeeded by so gallant and loyal a lad, as you, Gusty. You will do honour to the title; not the title to you. I wish I was going out with you in the corvette. What's her name?"

"Faith, I do not know, Charley. They will give her a name, I dare say, when she goes out of their hands."

At a late hour the two friends separated. Our hero, retiring to his hotel, his thoughts centred upon the, to him, unpleasant interview that was to take place the following day.

CHAPTER II.

On reaching the residence of Lord Linwood at the time appointed, our hero was, as usual, shown into his lordship's study. The admiral was most particularly gracious, as he shook his nephew heartily by the hand, saying,

"I know you will be glad to hear that all fears of a change of ministry have subsided. Last night the momentous question was risked; and, after a strong debate, the House divided, and the motion on which the fate of the government depended, was carried triumphantly by a large majority."

The old admiral was so excited by his

subject, that, rubbing his hands, he patted his nephew on the back, saying, "Now, go up to the drawing-room; luck is on our side. The Lady Georgina is prepared to receive you, pop the question, and come back here and let me know the result, which, however, I can already anticipate."

The obedient nephew, pleased at hearing the young lady was alone, proceeded at once to the drawing-room, feeling satisfied that Lady Georgina would relieve him of his embarrassment. When he made his appearance Lady Georgina came forward with a pleasing smile on her pretty lips, and her eyes sparkling, and full of life.

As our hero led her to a seat on the sofa, she dropped a trinket she had in her hand, and both stooped at the same moment to pick it up. As their heads came close together, the lady said in a very low, but clear voice,

"Perform your part well. We are watched and listened to," and then laughing merrily, she added aloud, "it's dangerous for two

persons to stoop for the same thing at the same time. Our heads were nearly coming in contact."

Our hero heard the maiden's whispered words, and he laughingly said, "We certainly nearly came in collision, owing to my awkwardness."

After a short conversation on unimportant subjects, from Lady Georgina's looks, our hero guessed it was time for him to say something. If they were watched, it was from some place hidden from Lieutenant Chamberlain's eyes, for he carefully surveyed the room. There was a green door close to where they sat; perhaps some one was stationed behind it. Our hero could not exactly say that he felt comfortable; however, after a short pause in the conversation, he said, looking into the calm beautiful face of his companion,

"I trust, Lady Georgina, that though our acquaintance has been of very brief existence, you will pardon my presumption in proposing myself as a suitor for your fair hand;

I do so with your guardian's approbation, and am led to believe that my coming here for the purpose of throwing myself on your mercy was not unknown to you, and that you were prepared to expect such a proposal."

"Our acquaintance, Mr. Chamberlain," said Lady Georgina, "has undoubtedly been exceedingly short; but my guardian informed me this morning that there is a deep necessity for this very sudden intention on your part. At his earnest solicitation, I lay aside my own scruples, and frankly say, under existing circumstances, described to me as being so urgent, that I accept your proposal, hoping and trusting, on your return to England, that on a longer and more intimate acquaintance and intimacy, we shall see no reason to regret our present intentions."

As the young lady said these words, and our hero beginning to think the matter looked serious, the green door opened, and Lady Edgehill entered the room, with a very pleased smile upon her countenance.

The gentleman at once rose, and his aunt received his salutation most graciously; and having taken a seat, she looked at her niece, and taking her hand, said very affectionately, "You will pardon me, my dear niece, for having been a listener to your conversation with my nephew for the last few minutes. I could not bear to interrupt you on so momentous an occasion, and one on which the happiness of your life depends; and as I stood at the door, so deeply interested as I was, I could not bring myself to retire. I may now, however, most sincerely congratulate you both upon the happy termination of this interview. At the same time, I will explain to my nephew the reason why my brother the earl was so anxious to see you, my dear niece, happily settled. You are aware that the earl, of late years, has suffered greatly from disease of the heart. Latterly the attacks have been alarmingly frequent, and the first medical men say his life may at any moment cease; in any case, he cannot

expect to live beyond a few months. This will account to you, nephew, for this somewhat sudden, but I feel satisfied, most agreeable offer of your hand and heart."

As Lady Edgehill paused, our hero, who had listened with a rather unpleasant feeling of dissatisfaction to his aunt's harangue, tried to catch the Lady Georgina's eyes; but the young lady sat with her hands clasped, and her eyes bent steadily upon the carpet. His aunt evidently expected him to say something pretty on the occasion, but for his life he could not get out a word that appeared suitable.

Lady Georgina, who no doubt, perceived that he felt, as he would have nautically expressed it, "in irons," rose from her seat, and holding out her hand to him, said, with a smile. "This affair has been so sudden that naturally we are both a little bewildered. I will now bid you farewell, trusting that your usual good fortune will carry you safely through this war, and that when we meet again, we shall

understand one another better than our present short acquaintance permits."

Our hero roused himself, and taking the fair hand held out to him, gallantly kissed it, saying, "He must be a proud and happy man who can claim this beautiful hand and its fair owner. Farewell, Lady Georgina; till we meet again, may every happiness attend you."

With a gentle pressure, which was returned, our hero relinquished the hand, and the lady immediately left the room.

"The result of this interview, my dear nephew," said Lady Edgehill, "will make the earl very happy indeed. Hitherto, our family has been rather unfortunate in the marriages of its daughters. Their descendants will, please God, atone for the errors of the past generation."

Our hero did not consider what his aunt said very complimentary. However, telling her that he had to say a few words to his uncle, he took leave of her ladyship, and

having seen and informed his uncle of the result of his interview with Lady Georgina, and received his congratulations and promises for future promotion, he took his departure, by no means satisfied with his own conduct, and very doubtful with respect to Lady Georgina's plans and projects.

As he passed out from his uncle's library, and was proceeding along a corridor, a door opened, and his cousin Flora put out her pretty head, and made a sign to him to come to her. She looked cautiously up and down the corridor, and after shaking hands with him affectionately, said, "Do not be uneasy at what has occurred to day. All will be set right. Lady Georgina will be saved much unhappiness; perhaps, had not this occurred, her future prospects and happiness would have been destroyed, and your future prospects clouded. Now, whatever happens, you will escape all blame or censure, and continue in favour with both your uncles, who have it in their power to will away the largest

portion of the family estates, and I need scarcely tell you the Linwoods are a fierce, vindictive race when thwarted."

"But how about yourself, Flora; can I do anything to serve you?" asked our hero anxiously.

"Yes," said the young girl, with a slight sigh, but, regaining her cheerful manner, she ran back into her room, and returned with a packet, carefully folded and sealed, and without any direction. "Take this, Augustus, and when once at sea, open it, and you will learn what to do for me. Whenever I can write, I will direct to Miss Talbot; she will forward my letters to you, for, of course, you will leave your direction there; or at least she will know how to forward them by the packets going abroad."

"I will set all that right, dear Flora, and I sincerely trust we may all meet again, and each of us happy in our choice." Then affectionately pressing her hand, as they heard voices at the further end of the corridor, they

separated, and a minute after, our hero was in the street.

"Well, perhaps after all, I may be acting for the best, and for every one's happiness," thought our hero; "as to my uncle's cutting me off without a fraction, I really think very little about it. Let me only hear that Annie is safe, and once more has her dear little foot upon English soil, and by jove, I do not care so that I secure herself, if her half million goes also. I'll think no more but let things take their course," and with a feeling of relief, he proceeded to Chelsea, to visit his friends—the widow and her daughter, who were always rejoiced to see their favourite, Rose especially so. She regarded our hero in the light of a brother; perhaps, at one time, she had felt a stronger love taking possession of her heart, but when she discovered that his affection was already given to another, and that his station in life was so much above hers, she had the good sense and the strength of mind to check, and ultimately to crush those

feelings, and substitute a sister's love and devotion.

Though our hero refrained from mentioning anything about, or even the names of Flora Smith and Lady Georgina Deveaux to his friend Spencer, he had no such reserve with Rose Talbot, who at first laughed heartily at his embarrassment, and the awkwardness he had evinced in proposing for the Lady Georgina's hand ; but the moment after she looked serious.

" Why do you look so serious, Rose?" asked our hero, Mrs. Penson being engaged in seeing that a nice little supper should be ready for her dear boy, as she always called the lieutenant.

" Well, in truth, Augustus," answered Rose, " I was amused at first, but as I turn it over in my mind, I really do not half like your position."

" By Jove, Rose, it made me very uncomfortable when I lent myself to the deception, but after I had the five minutes' conversation with my cousin Flora I did not care."

"Oh, I do not for a moment doubt the good faith and pure motives of your cousin and Lady Georgina," said Rose, "but I am thinking that this engagement of yours to the Lady Georgina (for your uncle and aunt decidedly consider you betrothed)—may and will get spoken of in the circles the young lady mingles in; and, no doubt, like all those kind of things, let them be apparently ever so secretly kept by certain parties, your name and Lady Georgina's will assuredly figure in some fashionable paper."

Our hero's colour heightened as he slightly started, saying, "I should not like that, by St. Peter. I never thought of that. However, Rose, the worst that can come of it will be a roasting from my comrades, if they ever hear of my engagement, or afterwards discover that the Lady Georgina preferred a red coat to a blue."

"Well, perhaps," observed Rose, thoughtfully, "that may be the worst of it. You, nevertheless, risk your inheritance, if your

uncle finds out that you deceived him, and helped to baffle his projects for the settlement of his nieces—"

"And yet, my dear Rose, I never could have the heart to betray those two beautiful girls. My poor cousin Flora is entirely dependent upon her relatives. Not that she should ever want as long as I had anything to share with her. Lady Georgina, on the other hand, is an heiress, and does not come of age for fourteen months, and I strongly suspect her guardians have some power over her fortune if she marries before she is of age without their consent. She told me she is attached to an officer in the army, a highly honourable and most gallant young man, and very likely as poor as I was myself when I entered the navy."

"You have a kind and generous heart, Augustus," said Rose, with an affectionate look into the glowing features of the sailor, and I trust all will end well; but here are mother and Ann with our supper, the last we shall

take together," she added, a shade passing over her fair face, "for perhaps a long, very long time."

"I hope not, dear Rose; it is reported that there are signs of peace with republican France. If so, I shall quit the service at once. I am so intensely anxious for tidings from France, that my mind is kept upon a perpetual strain. By-the-by; any letters for me coming here you will forward by the mail to Malta. Whilst in the Mediterranean all despatches sent there will find me."

After a very pleasant hour spent at supper, our hero took a most cordial leave of the kind hearted Mrs. Penson and her affectionate daughter, and returned to his hotel.

The next morning our hero and his friend, Spencer, to whom he was getting exceedingly attached, breakfasted together, and arranged to start by the night mail for Plymouth. Mr. Hawkins had some little business to do, but he should, he said, be quite ready by the time the mail started. Lieutenant Spencer

went to take leave of his friends, the Colossusses, and our hero to bid his aunt and uncle farewell. His uncle had set out early that morning with the Lady Georgina Deveaux, for his brother's, the earl's residence. He saw his aunt and Flora, and bade them adieu. He could not get a word in private with Flora, so was forced to say farewell in the presence of his stately aunt, who most graciously presented him her cheek to kiss; to make amends for this infliction, he pressed an affectionate kiss upon the ruby lips of his cousin that rather startled his aunt, who muttered something about sailors being very strange creatures in some things.

Descending the stairs, and crossing the hall, he met his quondam acquaintance, the tall footman, who so unfortunately for himself mistook our hero for a lover of Phœbe.

Thomas, however, had found out that Phœbe had deceived him, for instead of being the ambassador or secretary of the court of Austria, he was his master's nephew and pro-

bable heir. This discovery at first made Thomas uneasy. Phœbe was a very pretty girl, and Thomas was forced to confess that his lordship's nephew was a remarkably handsome young man, and it puzzled the tall footman exceedingly why Phœbe should let his lordship's nephew out at the back door, and positively assure him he was the Austrian ambassador's secretary.

When our hero looked into the footman's good-humoured countenance as he stood bowing profoundly, he recollected him at once, and also the rather rough fall he was obliged to give him.

"Ah," said the lieutenant, laughing, and taking a guinea from his pocket, and slipping it into Thomas's hand, which closed upon the well executed head of George the Third with evident satisfaction. "You remember me, my man, do you not? I am sorry you had such a fall from your foot slipping; but mishaps will happen. Tell pretty Phœbe that I do not forget her kindness in letting

me out that day by the back door. When I come back I hope I shall hear of your being a happy man and wife together."

Thomas bowed to the ground, coloured to the temples, and let the young lieutenant out without being able to utter a word.

"You are a great simple booby," said Phœbe, coming forward as the door closed; she had been peeping and listening behind the library door. "You hadn't a word to say for yourself. What have you got in your hand?"

"I'll give it to you, Phœbe, upon my honour I will, if you will only tell me why you wanted to make me believe that my lord's nephew was the grand Turk, or something of that sort, and why he wanted to go out by the back door."

"Hum!" said Phœbe; "my secret is worth more than a shilling."

"Shilling, indeed," said Thomas, holding out his hand and disclosing the guinea.

"Thank you, Thomas," said Phœbe, coolly

taking the guinea. "I will tell you the secret, mind, the day after we get married. In the meantime the guinea will be quite safe in my keeping," and off tripped the lady's maid, leaving Thomas rubbing that part of his thick head where the brains are expected to be.

Our hero and his friend Spencer took their seats in the fast mail for Plymouth, and arrived there without accident or adventure. Hawkins was to start the next day, having failed in finishing his business in London.

To Lieut. Spencer's great astonishment, he learned that the Pelican had sailed; in consequence of the commander having received instructions, sent by express, to sail without a moment's delay to join Lord Nelson in the Mediterranean. There was a letter from Captain D—— left at the hotel for him. On opening it, and reading the few lines it contained, he gave a cheer which amazed our hero, who was writing.

"What's in the wind now, Charley?" asked Lieutenant Chamberlain. "I guess you will

sail with me till we join the fleet, and find the Pelican."

"By Jove, you have just hit it. Captain D—— says—'Pick up the half-dozen hands I have been forced to leave behind, and my master's mate, Tomkins, and beg Lieutenant Chamberlain to give you all a passage out; his corvette will be ready in a few days, and I hear he is to follow us immediately and join Nelson wherever we can find him. I suppose we are on the eve of a great battle somewhere.'"

"By Jove! isn't this jolly, Charley?" said our hero; "the very thing both of us were wishing for."

"If I had been made a commander," said Spencer, "I could scarcely be more elated. Won't we have a jolly time of it, and no mistake; and perhaps a nice little set-to with one of Master Johnny's cruisers; besides, I have a lot to tell you, for really I had no time to talk to you in London. I'm in love, Gusty, desperately in love!"

"The deuce you are; you don't look like it, Charley; at all events, your digestion is easy—a pound of beef-steak, four eggs, to say nothing of two plates of muffins, and a brace of devilled kidneys, are pretty well, I think, for a man deeply dipped in love's mazes."

"Ah, Gusty, never judge by a fellow's appetite; desperation creates a vacuum, and all vacuums ought, by the laws of Nature, to be filled up. You cannot hold a glass to me without seeing yourself in it. You look as jolly as Bacchus, and by your own account you are in a regular fix—we row in the same boat, but the deuce of the matter with me is, I am quitting England, and may be knocked on the head—hope not though—and, by all that's lovely, all I know about my heart's idol is, that she's a woman, and that her name is—"

"Is Lieutenant Chamberlain above stairs," shouted a manly voice from the bottom of the stairs, calling out to a waiter who was just entering the room.

"Either of you gentlemen Lieut. Chamberlain?" asked the waiter, who was a new hand.

"Yes. My name's Chamberlain," said our hero. "Say so."

"Yes, sir," shouted the waiter from the top of the stairs, to the gentleman below, who at once sprung up the stairs and entered the room.

The gentleman who came in was well known to both the young men, so that a friendly greeting, and shaking of hands ensued, and then wine and biscuits were ordered, for some how we cannot talk upon any subject in England, without first having moistened our lips with wine, spirits, in fact anything but water. From Lieutenant Wandsworth, the visitor, our hero learned that the corvette was ready for sea, that she was the admiration of the dock yard, and its artificers, and that she was to be called the Defiance.

"By Jove? all right," said Lieutenant Spencer; "if she is ready so are we."

That night Hawkins arrived, and the next day our hero and his two friends repaired on board—all were delighted with the corvette and her fitting out—so having nothing to detain them the blue Peter was hoisted on the foremast of the Defiance. The despatches from the Admiralty having arrived, the corvette, with a fine steady breeze from the north left her moorings in Plymouth Sound, and before sunset was well clear of the land, and steering a direct course for the port of Brest, on the French coast.

CHAPTER III.

Notwithstanding that every effort was made by Monsieur de Hauteville to discover the abductors of Miss Mortimer on the night of the fire at the Bois Rouge, no clue or trace could be obtained likely to lead to a satisfactory result. Her fate therefore remained enveloped in obscurity.

From the effects of the fright, and distraction at the loss of his gold, the old landlord of the Bois Rouge never rallied, but remained to the day of his death, the fourth after the fire, raving incoherently, perpetually declaring that his son was the robber who had stolen his gold, and set fire to the hotel—he averred that

he distinctly recognised him. No one, however, gave the least credit to this assertion, for every person who knew anything of the family were well aware that the son had been sent out as a convict to the pestiferous settlement of Cayenne.

One evening, as Monsieur de Hauteville and his niece sat together, after their supper, conversing—the whole of that day having been spent in a weary and harassing search it was now the twelfth day after the fire, and the disappearance of Annie Mortimer, the first-named said—

"I am positively bewildered and mystified, and really begin to despair of gaining any trace of the villains who carried off Mademoiselle Mortimer."

"My firm belief, my dear uncle," returned Eugenie, "is that old Durand, our late landlord, was not raving when he said, it was his son who fired the hotel and robbed him of his gold. You see, after ten days' careful inquiry and investigation, the only piece of

LIBRARY

information that you have gained is that a fishing lugger was noticed four nights ago sailing down Ewell Creek, a place notorious for smugglers. This creek runs, you know, close up to this hotel. Now, supposing Miss Mortimer was, as many surmise, carried off in that lugger, does it not strike you that she must have been concealed either in this hotel or in some cave or cavern near here? for there are no habitations but the cots of peasants in this vicinity. It is well known that old Durand and his son, years ago, were connected with a gang of smugglers who frequented this creek."

"But, my dear niece," argued Monsieur de Hauteville, thoughtfully, "allowing that young Durand, by some extraordinary chance, escaped from Cayenne, what motive could induce him, supposing he did rob his father of his stored-up gold, to carry off Miss Mortimer? He could never have seen her, and her abduction was evidently a planned affair."

"Yes," interrupted Mademoiselle de Morni, "of that I am satisfied, and I also feel certain that the dear girl was never carried outside the walls of this hotel on the night of the fire, but secreted somewhere in the house."

"Why, my dear Eugenie," said her uncle, "have I not hunted every hole and corner in this rambling old mansion. I have discovered several very curious places and some strange passages, but nothing in them."

"I would get masons," observed Eugenie, "and break through some of the walls in those secret places. You remember, two years ago, what a strange underground retreat was discovered in castle Auray in taking down the wall of one of those hiding holes, and into some such place Mademoiselle Mortimer may have been carried. It is almost impossible that three or four men could convey her out of the house and across the country without being seen by some one human being; and what is so very extraordinary, none of the many domestics

in this house noticed a stranger amongst them on the night of the fire."

"It is very possible," remarked De Hauteville, "that in the confusion and alarm, and in the dense smoke that filled the corridors, caused by the damp hay purposely thrown on the fire, that a stranger or two mingling in the crowd might easily have escaped notice. However, to-morrow I will order masons to minutely examine the walls. I have gleaned up some few particulars respecting old Durand's son. It seems he killed a comrade in a quarrel arising from some gambling transaction. He then fled, and escaped detection till about three years ago, when he was discovered and arrested in Paris. Nevertheless, he evaded capital punishment, and was transported for life to Cayenne. Condemned at the same time with him was a rather remarkable character, known by the name of Jean Daniel Coudin, who at one time, was a small land-holder on my estate of De Hauteville."

"How strange!" exclaimed Eugenie, "why that's the man who once attempted to take your life."

"Yes; the very same," returned her uncle. "He was a most plausible scoundrel, well educated, and with a certain degree of gentility about him. He spent all he possessed in the most profligate manner, after which he returned to De Hauteville and disposed of his small patrimony, was guilty of many bad acts, and publicly insulted me. I put him in prison for three months; but he broke out, joined a band of Chouans, and committed several daring outrages, but was finally taken, and sent to Cayenne for life. Now the convict ship, in which these two ruffians embarked, never reached its destination, but was wrecked on some part of the coast of Guinea, and all perished except the second mate, the doctor, and five seamen. Therefore, my dear niece, it is scarcely possible that Paul Durand could have been concerned in the setting fire to his father's house."

"It is very perplexing," said Eugenie, thoughtfully. "Still it is possible that this Paul Durand might have escaped drowning, and worked his way back to France. His mother told me yesterday a long story about her son's attachment to a very beautiful young girl, formerly the barmaid of the Bois Rouge, They say she, too, was attached to him, and left this province after he was forced into the army."

"What was her name?" d manded Monsieur de Hauteville, eagerly. Did Madame Durand tell you?"

"Yes. She was known all over the province as La Belle Papin."

"I thought so," returned De Hauteville. "I remember all about her now. She was very handsome, and of not very strict morality. She was said to be the daughter of an Irish officer in the French service, who, being killed, left his daughter destitute."

"Well," observed Eugenie, "Madame Durand says she heard it named that the

Belle Papin had been seen at Meaux not ten days ago."

"Humph!" muttered Monsieur de Hauteville, "the plot thickens. It is now late, my dear niece; to-morrow may bring out something that may throw a light upon this mysterious disappearance of the English girl; who I still trust to be able to recover from the hands of the desperadoes who carried her off. I begin to feel a deep regret for having acted as I have done, and if I regain possession of her I will atone for the past and strain every nerve to restore her to her friends."

"Ah, my dear Louis, that is spoken from the heart, and just what I expected from your noble nature when the mist that blinded you was wafted away. I loved the dear girl as a sister, and God grant we may succeed in finding her."

The following day four masons and several labourers were sent for, who, under Monsieur de Hauteville's instructions, commenced a

most careful survey of the old mansion. For a considerable time their investigation led to no result, though several walls and passages were broken through. Monsieur de Hauteville was almost inclined to give up the search in despair, when one of the masons, who was accustomed to the house, having often been employed in repairs, proposed a strict investigation of the very massive wall that separated the west wing from the rest of the mansion. The west wing of Bois Rouge had been out of use for many years, and had been suffered to fall into decay. Accordingly the party proceeded there, and commenced operations on the ground floor. One of the masons, a keen scrutiniser, suddenly called out that one of the slabs or blocks, of which the wall was composed, moved when struck hard with his hammer. Monsieur de Hauteville paused, came back to the spot, and carefully examined the stone, which certainly moved, though, when struck, it appeared as massive as the rest. It was quite three feet square.

All the masons, after careful investigation, declared that the stone was a moveable one, and not cemented like the others; but, though it evidently yielded to the force used, it was impossible to move it an inch out of its place.

Monsieur de Hauteville examined the flagged floor. "Put your crowbar under this flag, my man," he said to one of the masons. "This stone is exactly under the stone in the wall; and if you look, there is a similar mark on the left hand corner of each stone, cut with a chisel."

The men put their crowbars beneath the stone, and it yielded quite easily.

"Ah, pardieu!" said Monsieur de Hauteville, as his gaze rested upon a large iron ring beneath the stone. "Here is some clue at last. Lay hold of the ring, and pull."

The ring was fast to an iron rod; and as the men pulled, to the surprise of all, the massive stone above slowly displaced itself, and, sliding on a massive iron roller, disclosed

a passage nearly three feet wide in the immense wall.

Ordering lights to be brought, Louis de Hauteville, without bestowing a thought upon who might be concealed below, entered the passage, desiring only two of his own domestics to follow him. Almost immediately a flight of stone stairs met his gaze; down these he went, his domestics carrying the lights, and, after a long winding flight of steps, sixty in number, they found themselves in a large vaulted chamber, arched with stone and flagged. A door led into another vault. This chamber had evidently been recently inhabited; and Monsieur de Hauteville, with feelings of indescribable dismay, became convinced that to this place Annie Mortimer had been conveyed—for, lying upon a wooden frame, on which were a heap of blankets and other articles, was a torn and burnt shawl, which he at once recognised as belonging to his niece Eugenie. The vault was hung round with matting; there were

two hampers, with the remains of bread, meat, and wine in them; there were also several articles of men's clothing, and some coarse garments belonging to a female. Louis de Hauteville was confounded.

"Into this chamber Mademoiselle Mortimer was certainly brought on the night of the fire. There was another female here, I have no doubt; but how has she been carried out of it without discovery. This house has been watched carefully day and night since the fire. I am now convinced that Paul Durand, extraordinary as it may seem, must have been the incendiary, and also the abductor of Mademoiselle Mortimer."

"There are more vaults beyond this, monsieur," said one of the domestics, who had been investigating the place; "here is a door leading into a dark passage."

Bewildered and greatly chagrined, Monsieur de Hauteville felt certain that whoever had carried off Miss Mortimer had now baffled pursuit. On examination they found the

passage, cut through a rocky, stiff clay, was not more than three feet wide, and five feet high. It led into other chambers which at once disclosed the origin and purpose for which the vaults had been constructed. An immense cavern, partly natural and partly artificial, was full of all kinds of seafaring commodities. Ropes, cordage, cables, anchors, tubs, barrels; empty boxes in great numbers, kegs, in fact all the usual paraphernalia of an extensive and well organized smuggling community.

"I have no doubt," said Monsieur de Hauteville to his attendants, "that the passage you see at the further end of this cavern, leads to the tidal creek that runs up to within a hundred yards of the Bois Rouge, old Durand has been concerned for years with smugglers; and formerly his son also was engaged in the same illicit trade. Light more torches, and we will follow this passage to its termination."

The passage was almost entirely a natural

one; it had been widened certainly in some parts, and the rocks removed, but otherwise it was a succession of small caverns, some tolerably lofty, others very low; finally it terminated in a large, lofty cavern, to which there appeared no outlet. For a long time Monsieur de Hauteville and his three attendants were unsuccessful in finding the outlet, till at length one of the domestics lying on the ground, said he perceived daylight through a crevice of the rocks.

"Let us try and move this rock," said Monsieur de Hauteville; "the men had left their crowbars in the first cavern, but after a time, exerting their utmost strength, they moved it sufficiently on one side to allow one at a time to creep out. Through this opening they all crept, and pushing aside a vast mass of brambles and moss, at length found themselves standing beneath the high cliffs that bordered the tidal creek on the east shore. The borders of the creek were, on this part, well wooded, and the entrance to the cave so com-

pletely concealed by the dense growth of brambles and shrubs, as to defy detection. Mortified and greatly depressed at the discovery he had made, Monsieur de Hauteville made no remarks to his attendants, but returned to the Bois Rouge.

Eugenie de Morni, when she heard from her uncle the result of his day's investigation, was deeply chagrined. If this discovery of the place of concealment of Miss Mortimer's abductors had been made a day or two after the fire, there was no doubt but that she and her persecutors would have been discovered and taken. Now all was lost, for Monsieur de Hauteville and his niece felt satisfied that they had carried off the English maiden in the lugger that was observed up the creek. Still the abduction was a most mysterious affair. Neither uncle nor niece could in any way unravel it, or reconcile to their minds how Paul Durand should undertake such an affair as the abduction of the English girl, and for what purpose—who were his accomplices.

Monsieur de Hauteville, the next morning, forwarded a letter to the coast-guard at Auray, requesting that a cruiser might be sent out to examine all luggers belonging to the harbours in their vicinity, stating his reasons for wishing a strict search might be made.

Madame Durand declared most solemnly she knew nothing whatever of the smuggling caves. She did not deny but that she was aware of her husband and son being often engaged in smuggling transactions; but that was all she knew. Greatly bewildered and mystified, but still determined to endeavour to trace the abductors of Annie Mortimer, Monsieur de Hauteville and his niece continued their journey to Auray. A few days after their arrival there, Monsieur de Hauteville was summoned to Paris, and a fortnight after departed to join the army of Italy, as General of Brigade.

CHAPTER IV.

Our readers may remember our stating in the commencement of our first volume, that amongst the cabin passengers on board the Cumberland Packet was a Frenchman, who, was entered in the books as a Monsieur de Maule, but who said that in his native land, before the revolution broke out, he bore the title of count, and after his father's death had inherited the family estates; but being firmly attached to the cause of the Bourbons, and aiding them in their struggles, he had forfeited his inheritance, and finally was obliged to fly his country. He escaped out of France, arrived after much suffering and privation, in Jamaica,

and was then proceeding to England, in hopes of better fortune, as some of his wealthy relations, who were thorough republicans, were willing to assist him, and make him a handsome allowance out of his own estates, then in their possession.

Plausible as this story was, the Count de Maule could not by any means ingratiate himself with any of the ladies of the chief cabin, and even the gentlemen appeared somewhat shy of being intimate with him. He was, however, somewhat good-looking, with plausible manners, and to the ladies he showed all that *empressement* for which his countrymen are so remarkable. To Miss Mortimer he wished to be particularly agreeable, but our heroine was just about the very last person to feel any interest in his recitals; in fact, she experienced a disagreeable sensation whenever by any chance he contrived to address her.

Finding he made no progress in attracting the ladies, he turned his attention upon the

male passengers, insidiously endeavouring to promote gambling and love of play; but he very soon caused the gentlemen to take a strong aversion to him, and almost openly to show it. For some time he endeavoured to change his tactics, but it was too late, and finally he was left to his own resources for amusement.

There were on board the Cumberland Packet several very respectable fore-cabin passengers, amongst whom was another Frenchman, about ten years younger than the Count de Maule. This young man was very good-looking, with light, curly, reddish-brown hair. He could speak English sufficiently to be understood. He stated that he came of a respectable family in Gascony, and was going to England to earn his bread as a teacher, till his own country became tranquillised. The Count de Maule, finding himself in want of company, selected this young man as a companion, though he was a steerage passenger. They soon became exceedingly in-

timate, and passed most of their time gambling with cards and dice, speaking together in a dialect evidently smacking of the Gascon patois.

Augustus Chamberlain detested these Frenchmen, and it became evident to him that they selected him, for some reason or other, as an object they wished to annoy.

One day, whilst walking the deck, to some remark of the Count de Maule, relative to his countryman, whom he called Henri Duval, spoken in an impertinent manner, our hero said, sharply, "As to your countryman's qualifications as a teacher, I would advise him to learn his own language previous to attempt teaching in England."

"He might teach you, young gentleman," returned the count, almost savagely, as he eyed the laughing, careless sailor, "a trick or two with sharper weapons than the tongue."

"No doubt, Monsieur de Maule," said our hero, for he never gave him his, he felt satisfied, assumed title of count; "a trick or two

with cards and dice, that, were I disposed to become a black-leg, might be of use."

The Frenchman became livid with rage, as he gazed along the deck, they happened at that moment to be alone. He then cast his glance over the tall athletic form of the sailor, who, leaning against the shrouds, looked out over the tranquil waters, totally heedless of either the Frenchman's look of rage or of his reply. It was, however, of little use for the Frenchman to scan the proportions of Augustus Chamberlain; a personal contest, even if he meditated it, would only result in his being probably thrown overboard. He therefore supposed his rage, muttering to himself sundry apparently impotent threats against the young lieutenant.

Now this pretended Count de Maule was no other than the convict Jean Daniel Coudin, and his companion, calling himself Henri Duval, was Paul Durand, the son of the landlord of the Bois Rouge.

They had been sent for their crimes to the

pestiferous climate and penal settlement of Cayenne, on the coast of Guiana; the vessel, as we have stated, was wrecked. In the horror and confusion of this disastrous event, whilst many a brave heart met a watery grave, these two men contrived to save themselves and sought safety in the woods, after plundering many of the bodies driven ashore from the wreck. Known to each other before their condemnation for life, and coming from the same part of France, they formed a mutual league. After some terrible sufferings they managed to get away in a vessel bound for the West India Islands; finally, having disposed of some plunder they had acquired, they got to Jamaica, and determined to embark for England; Jean Coudin as the Count de Maule, and Paul Durand as Henri Duval. They were both adepts at cards, could manufacture false dice, and were extraordinary clever billiard players; so they anticipated finding fortune upon English soil.

We have stated that the false count mani-

fested intense alarm when the Cumberland packet was captured by the Droits de l'Homme.

The critical situation of the unfortunate French seventy-four after her contest with the two English frigates, and her terrible shipwreck, prevented any investigation as to the persons of the false count and his comrade. The ways of Providence are inscrutable to us mortals: whilst hundreds perished, these two plotting scoundrels contrived to reach the shore in safety. Being Frenchmen they easily avoided enquiry, especially when everyone was desirous of affording aid to the unfortunate crew and passengers thrown ashore from the stranded ship. All the English were made prisoners as soon as they landed from the wreck, and were marched to Quimper.

Jean Coudin and Paul Durand remained in their abode quite fearless of discovery. They were located in a fisherman's cot, and were not without funds, for during the three days of terror, confusion and death on board

the Droits, these two unprincipled villains contrived to conceal about their persons considerable plunder in jewellery and even gold; for so utterly hopeless and prostrate were those in the stranded vessel, that their boxes were easily broken open and plundered.

As soon as they considered that the coast was clear, they determined to leave their abode and proceed across the country. They were able to pay their host for his services, being an old smuggler who made no enquiry who his guests were, or why they sought concealment; they paid him well, and that was all he required. Having let their beards and moustaches grow, their appearance was much altered.

There was a vague, undefined project brooding in Jean Coudin's mind. He had contrived to discover that Miss Mortimer and Lieutenant Chamberlain were both saved, and located in the Chateau de Hauteville. He also learned that several of the old Chouan

leaders were still lurking amidst the thick woods in the neighbourhood of De Hauteville, and the vicinity of Bois Rouge.

He and his companion resolved to join those men for a time, till they could hit upon some plan to get out of a province where they were both so well known.

Having managed to join the Chouan bandits, what was Paul Durand's astonishment in recognising in the Chouan's wife, his old flame, La Belle Papin. When this man was shot, in a contest with some of the troopers sent against him, Louise Papin fled with Paul Durand and Jean Coudin, and finally the three agreed to seek safety in the caverns communicating with the mansion of the Bois Rouge, kept by Paul Durand's father. Louise Papin, though a sad scapegrace, and leading a wild and vagabond life, was neither cruel nor heartless. She told her first love, Paul, that his father and mother were still alive, and that the former had

amassed a large sum of money; that he was old, and could neither spend nor take the money with him.

Paul was very well acquainted with the secret of the passage from the caves to the inside of the Bois Rouge.

This passage was known only to his father and himself, and was used by the former, when a young man, in connection with a notorious gang of smugglers, who carried on an immense trade in illicit goods with the coast of England.

Louise Papin, who had nothing to fear from being recognised, traversed the country without any chance of being molested. She contrived to get supplies of provisions conveyed to the caverns, besides picking up all kinds of intelligence, and renewed her intercourse with the old smuggler, Pierre Bedout.

When Mademoiselle de Morni and our heroine commenced their journey to the Bois Rouge, Louise Papin conveyed the intelligence

to her associates in the cavern. Jean Coudin never lost sight of Miss Mortimer's movements; his restless plotting and wicked nature was always on the alert; if he could not benefit himself he could injure others. He would try to create misery to the unoffending. He remembered his oath to be revenged on Augustus Chamberlain, if ever it lay in his power. Without any defined plan, he resolved to see Miss Mortimer, and to ascertain if she would recognise him, under the disguise of a large beard, whiskers, and moustaches. He and Durand purposely met her and Mademoiselle de Morni, on the road, as previously related. Our heroine did not recognise him by his features; but she was startled by his tone of voice. The sight of the beautiful English girl roused the feelings he had before experienced for her, when in the Cumberland; and his brain at once concocted a scheme to get her into his power.

To Paul Durand and Louise Papin he unfolded just as much of his plan respecting

our heroine as suited his views; for in the end he intended to betray them. He artfully told them if they could get Miss Mortimer in their power, and make their escape to England in old Pierre Bedout's lugger, they might, as she was one of the wealthiest heiresses in England, demand any amount for her release. All Louise stipulated for was that the girl should never receive ill-usage at their hands. If they attempted any wickedness or heartlessness she would not join them in their projects.

"There shall no harm happen to the girl," said Jean Coudin, "be satisfied. We will create a temporary alarm to-night amongst the inmates of the Bois Rouge. In the confusion I will take her off, whilst Paul secures the contents of his worthy sire's strong box."

Paul Durand by no means intended to burn down the hotel of the Bois Rouge. Some damp hay, burned in the gallery, created a dense smoke; but at the same time it set fire

to the principal corridor leading to the chamber in which the two young ladies slept.

Jean Coudin, almost blinded by the dense volumes of smoke, and startled by the flames in the corridor, rushed along with several of the bewildered inmates of the hotel into the bed-chamber of Mademoiselle de Morni. The two ladies had just thrown on their dresses, when Jean Coudin and others burst in, with volumes of smoke enveloping all in the room. Jean Coudin seized a large shawl, threw it over Miss Mortimer, without her perceiving who, took her up in his arms, and pushing through the affrighted domestics, who all considered he was one of themselves, and saving mademoiselle, got clear of the burning gallery into another part of the mansion.

Annie Mortimer, feeling herself carried a much greater distance than necessary, struggled violently to free her head from the shawl tightened about her; finding her

struggles resisted, she suspected treachery, and endeavoured to scream for assistance.

"Utter a cry," fiercely exclaimed Jean Coudin, panting with his exertions, "and it will be your last."

But Annie Mortimer both struggled and screamed, till Coudin, enraged and reckless, pressed the poor girl's throat with such violence that she became almost insensible. Having passed through the secret entrance to the vaults and caves, Jean Coudin and Paul Durand, with the plunder of his father's strong box, hurried into the cavern where Jean Coudin, almost exhausted with his exertions, threw the half-fainting form of Annie Mortimer upon a pallet. Louise Papin at once removed the folds of the thick shawl from the face of the unfortunate English girl; then, for the first time, she beheld the pale, but exquisitely lovely features of their victim. Seeing the marks of Jean Coudin's fingers upon the poor girl's neck, she turned angrily round, saying—

"You are a brute, Coudin, to hurt the poor girl so. Ah, Mon Dieu! she is both young and beautiful. You have crushed her neck with your savage treatment."

"Well! what is that to you," returned Coudin with a savage oath, and wiping the moisture and the dirt from his face, "you do not suppose I was such a fool as to let her cries defeat our plans. How tender-hearted you have grown."

"I say you are a cowardly brute," returned the woman excitedly, "I told Paul when I joined in this affair, that if a hair of this fair young creature's head was injured, or any violence offered her, I would split on you. You both swore on the cross that her person should not be injured by either of you, only money extorted to set us up in England, and here you have half killed her."

"Pooh! Louise," said Paul Durand, "don't get in a passion, we will stick to our oaths. The girl shouted out, and in fear of discovery Jean gave her throat a squeeze. See,

she is recovering now; we will go into our cave, and leave you to bring her to."

So saying, the two men lighted a couple of candles, and retired into the further cavern.

Louise Papin was at this time about seven-and-twenty; before dissipation and a strange wild career for three or four years had altered her, she really deserved the name of "La Belle Papin." She was still a handsome woman, with large dark eyes, a profusion of black hair, and a fine forehead. She was tall and well-formed, and in the expression of her countenance there was more good-nature than one would be led to expect from her associations, or the life she had led.

Louise was to a certain extent still attached to Paul Durand—once devotedly so. She loved a life of pleasure, and was extravagant to a degree; but she was neither cruel nor hard-hearted; secretly she detested Jean Jean Coudin. She knew him to be a treacherous, cowardly villain, capable of any

bad action. She did not think Paul Durand half as vile; but she was mistaken, for he was as unprincipled a scoundrel as ever existed. When the three confederates agreed upon the abduction of Miss Mortimer, it was with the intention of extorting an immense sum for her release; but she was to be well treated and in no way injured. To all this Coudin and Paul Durand consented, for the purpose of securing the co-operation of Louise Papin; but Coudin secretly had the intention of making the young girl his wife—the difficulty was how to carry out so apparently impossible a project.

When Annie Mortimer opened her eyes, they rested upon the features of Louise, who had used all the resources in her power to restore her. The marks of the ruffian's fingers were visible on her neck, and he must have used considerable violence, and caused much pain. Our heroine gazed into the face of Louise for some moments, without the power to speak. The woman herself seemed quite

surprised at the youth and beauty of the young girl.

"Where am I?" asked Annie Mortimer at length, in a low voice. "Why have I been so cruelly used, and who are you?"

"Well, mademoiselle," said Louise Papin, "you have been cruelly used, but I had no hand in that. It would be of little use to you to know who I am. I am certainly in league with those who brought you here; but I promise, as long as I have the care of you, not a finger shall be laid on you to injure you."

Our heroine sighed heavily; she asked for a little water, which was given to her, and which relieved her throat. She looked round, amazingly surprised at what she saw, and readily conjectured that she was in a vault, beneath the inhabited parts of the Bois Rouge, but for what purpose she had been brought there bewildered her. Still the strange woman looked and spoke kindly; who the men were that carried her into the vault

she could not have the slightest idea. As our heroine sat, quietly and full of thought upon the wooden pallet, Louise Papin was trying to make the cheerless vault less desolate-looking.

Annie Mortimer, young as she was, knew perfectly well that quietude and patience were all that remained to her. She was not without hope that her retreat would be discovered by her friends, for when missed she could readily imagine a most earnest search would be made. She considered, judging by the time she was roused by the fire, that daylight would soon appear; not that the light of day could penetrate to the place she was in. Having somewhat recovered from the rough treatment she had received, she again addressed the young woman who just then suspended her labours in setting things to rights.

"I pray you, tell me," said our heroine, calmly, "if this cruel act of separating me from my friends is done for the purpose of ex-

torting money. In what way can I obtain my release—recollect I am a stranger in this country; in fact, a prisoner, though kindly treated. Still, I am utterly powerless, and have no means of procuring money."

"In truth, mademoiselle," said Louise Papin, seating herself on a large chest, "I am as ignorant as yourself how you are to procure gold to pay for your release, but I know they intend taking you to England."

"Ah!" exclaimed Annie, clasping her hands, and looking eagerly into the young woman's countenance. "If once in England, I could no doubt pay a very large sum; but how is it possible to get to England? Who are your companions—who is he who so cruelly tried to strangle me?"

"He did not intend to strangle you, mademoiselle," returned Louise; "you cried out, and his life, if discovered, would have been the sacrifice; he therefore thought to stifle your cries, but it was done too severely. As to who my companions are, I am not at liberty

to say. You will, doubtless, know in a few hours. I must now leave you for a while, mademoiselle, but do not be afraid, no one will enter here in my absence." So saying, leaving a candle burning on a chest, with some wine and water beside it, she passed through the door that separated the vaults, and found Jean Coudin and Paul Durand in a cave further on.

The Frenchmen were seated upon two benches, smoking ; before them, on a huge box, was a ham, bread, and a jar of wine.

"Well, Louise," said Jean Coudin, "how is your pretty bird, any way reconciled to its cage ; no more screaming and crying, she appears quiet."

"She neither screamed nor cried, Jean Coudin," returned Papin, "though your rough treatment might well have caused both. She is a fair young creature, and bears her misfortune heroically."

"Parbleu!" said Paul Durand, "for one so young, she shows great firmness. Now,

our difficulties commence. You must go out to-morrow, Louise, and go to Bellerie, see Pierre Bedout, and arrange with him as to time and place. I suppose a most active search will be made to discover who carried off the girl, but after two or three days they will relax in their efforts. Pierre Bedout must come up the creek, as close to the outlet of these caves as he can—half an hour will embark us, but it must be one dark night."

"You must do this errand yourself, or Jean Coudin," said Louise, "I will not leave this girl by herself in these horrible caves."

"Tonnerre de Dieu!" fiercely exclaimed Jean Coudin, turning round and fixing his gaze savagely upon Louise, "Do you dictate to me ?—take care."

"Pah!" exclaimed the woman resolutely, and with flashing eyes. "Do not think to frighten me, Jean Coudin. Look here," and with a quick gesture she drew a double-barrelled pistol from beneath the loose folds

of the jacket she wore. "Don't think, Jean Coudin, that I fear you, or that I place myself in a position to care for any man's temper."

"Come, come, ma belle Louise," said Paul Durand, laughing. "Don't get in a passion; you are a brave girl we both know, and afraid of nothing. Have your way, and stay with our prize. I will go out to-night; I have no fear of being recognised the way I shall disguise myself, and I can manage Pierre Bedout better than any other. I know him of old—I must give him some gold in hand, or he will do nothing."

Jean Coudin cast a malignant glance at Louise, who smiled contemptuously, and turned away.

"Now let us talk," said Paul Durand, "and no more sparring. Let us consider how we are to act when we reach the English coast. Our prize is worth twenty thousand louis, at least. The thing is how to secure them. She is a rich heiress; but, being

under age, she has no power of her own, and I am sure her guardians would resist every attempt to extort money; besides, the moment she sets foot on English ground she could defy us to detain her."

"All this was argued before we agreed to carry her off," said Jean Coudin, sulkily. "I told you that there was only one way. Let me make her my wife, willing or unwilling, and instead of twenty thousand I will engage to share fifty thousand with you when she can claim her own property."

There was a sneer upon Louise Papin's features as she listened to Jean Coudin, who only a few weeks back wanted to tempt her to betray her intended husband, and unite her fortunes with his. She treated his offers with scorn, and would have told his treachery to Paul Durand, only he swore the most fearful oaths that what he said he was only to try her fidelity, which he doubted. She did not believe him; but being anxious to get Paul Durand to England, she appeared satis-

fied, though in her heart she detested and distrusted Jean Coudin.

"I do not see how that is to be done," said Paul Durand, after hearing Coudin's proposal. "If you forced a marriage upon so young a girl, in the first place, it would not be a legal one; in the next, I have heard that in England all property possessed by a girl under age is taken care of in some court, and you would be prosecuted for such a marriage."

"No, no," interrupted Louise, "that plan will not do. Better trust to the girl's solemn oath, which I am sure and certain she will sacredly keep, that the moment she is restored to her friends and guardians she will cause us to be paid twenty thousand pounds, without enquiry or investigation."

"Bravo, Louise," said Paul Durand. "I think your plan is a good one, and I am satisfied it has the least risk in it. We shall pass ourselves off, on being put ashore on the English coast, as French royalists. You can, Jean Coudin, resume your countship. I will

share the gold extracted from my bon pére's strong box, which will last us some time, and we have our own skill and devices to win and appropriate some of the spare gold of those plodding islanders, the English. This will be far better than remaining in La Belle France with a halter round our necks in prospective —eh, Louise? Here's your health, my girl," and pouring out a large cup of brandy, he emptied it at a draught.

Jean Coudin gazed savagely at both. He was but one against two; but he had a deep and villanous scheme in his head, which he trusted to work out; therefore, after a moment's thought, he looked up, saying—"Perhaps you are both right; at all events, we must get across the water. This country will be too hot for us; but we must make the girl take an oath that she will not betray us when we do reach the English coast, till when she must pass for a French emigrant like ourselves, flying to save our heads. This

she must do till we become free from enquiry, and then she can write to her guardians."

Having come to this arrangement, the three confederates sat for some time arranging their plans, till it was time for Paul Durand to disguise himself, and leave the caves by the outlet opening on the creek.

CHAPTER V.

Annie Mortimer, when left to herself in the cheerless solitude of the cave—the walls, of which though partly covered with matting, displayed unmistakable evidence of damp, dripping moisture—sat, with her fair young head bowed down upon her knees, tears streaming from her eyes, for the girl's heart was sad and desponding. Her young life had already been embittered by many trials and sorrows; the deep grief she had experienced for the untimely fate of her dearly-loved parents, and her idolized baby brother, had nearly extinguished life. The kind, soothing attention of Mademoiselle de Morni had

roused her from giving way to absolute despair, and she possessed a conviction that the love and devotion of one to whom she now, in a worldly light, alone looked for a peaceful and happy future, gradually reconciled her to bear the trials it pleased the Almighty to try her with.

After some months' suffering, our heroine was slowly but surely recovering peace of mind, when this fresh and most unexpected outrage drove her again to despair and despondency. Who the miscreants were that had so successfully and mysteriously torn her from her kind-hearted protectors, she could not imagine—in vain she taxed her memory.

The Count de Maule never once entered her mind as a party concerned. In her terrible situation she thanked God for the protection of one of her own sex; this alone saved her from absolute despair. She was pleased with the woman's manner and appearance. That she must be profligate and wicked she could scarcely doubt, or she could never be

the associate of two such villains as those concerned in her abduction. Still, she showed human feelings, and some of the attributes of her sex—gentleness and kindness.

Effacing the tears from her eyes, to which she at first gave way when Louise Papin left her to herself, Annie glanced up with a composed look into the features of her attendant, as she re-entered the cavern.

Louise paused, and gazed with a troubled countenance into her pale, lovely face. There was something in the expression of that fair face irresistibly attractive and subduing, which had a strange effect upon this singular woman, whose heart was far from bad, and who would not hesitate to risk life to do a good action; and yet, the next moment, again risk her soul and body in the commission of crime.

Whether the look of Annie Mortimer's features recalled her early youth, when she too was young, innocent, and in truth, beautiful—her thoughts rushed in a whirlwind

through her brain, bringing before her all the wild and lawless acts of her life—thought flies with lightning speed—or a turn in her better thoughts took place—be it as it may, for we know not the moment when God may effect a change, but from that moment Louise Papin, in her heart of hearts, vowed if she had to sacrifice life, she would save the victim of her associates from their snares and perfidy, even though she also sacrificed Paul Durand. Approaching Annie Mortimer, she took her hand gently, and said with deep emotion,—

"You have given way to grief, mademoiselle; you have been shedding tears; but believe me, when I vow before the bon Dieu, whom, alas! I have little regarded, that no harm shall happen to you; I will shield you from wrong whilst life is left me, therefore do not give way to grief."

Annie looked gratefully into the still handsome face of La Belle Papin. She pressed her hand and thanked her for the hope her words

inspired, and then ventured to say, "How can you, with apparently so kind and humane a heart, become willingly the associate and accomplice of men capable of committing such great crimes?"

"You are too young, far too young, mademoiselle," said Louise, somewhat bitterly, "and too inexperienced, to be able to comprehend the temptations that lead us women of frail natures, first into error, and then into crime. The story of my life is not fit for such as you to hear. I will commence repentance by shielding you from wrong. I do not say I will betray my associates, for to one of them I expect to be bound, by becoming his wife. My wish before I saw you, was to try to convince him of the error of his ways, and lead him by degrees into a laborious and honest mode of life.

"Our present intention is to take you with us to England, for our lives are forfeited here; that is, my associates are forced to fly from the land of France. You will be com-

pelled to take an oath not to betray us when once we reach England. When there, you will be expected to procure from your guardians a large sum of money; this paid, without any questions being asked, you will be restored to your friends."

"I am most willing," replied Annie, earnestly and eagerly, "to comply with these conditions, provided they never attempt to separate me from you till the money is paid."

"That is their plan, mademoiselle," said Louise Papin, "but I have mine, and now rest tranquil and live in hope, for desert you, till I see you safe, I never will."

Our heroine believed her companion. She could not think for a moment that she could be playing a false part; therefore hope did return to her heart. As Louise spoke, it struck Annie that she was not altogether a native of France, her features and complexion were not quite French, and she told her so as she sat beside her on the pallet.

La Belle Papin coloured slightly as she said, "You are right, mademoiselle. My father was an Irishman; he was an officer in the French service. I heard, when a mere girl, that he was of a good Milesian family, but a Roman Catholic, opposed to the English government, and forced to fly to save his life. My mother kept the best hotel in Nantz; and my father's regiment, of which he was captain, was quartered in that town. I received a good education, for Captain O'Kelly reared me kindly and well after my mother's death, which occurred four years after their marriage; but my father, when I was about fourteen, was killed in a duel, and the property he possessed from my mother had all been dissipated in the wild and reckless life he led. It will be sufficient for me to say, in speaking of myself, that at the age of twenty I accepted the situation of barmaid at the Bois Rouge, then a most frequented and flourishing hotel."

"The Bois Rouge!" repeated Miss Mor-

timer, in some surprise. "Why, that is the hotel from which I have been carried away in so mysterious a manner."

"Yes, mademoiselle, you are correct. I do not feel myself at liberty to make any further communications; but rest assured I will do all in my power to restore you to liberty, and if I can do so without betraying those who confide in me, so much the better. I will now prepare you some food; you must feel exhausted, for it is past mid-day."

Annie was fatigued and exhausted, still she felt no inclination to partake of food; but Louise contrived to prepare some coffee over a spirit lamp, a cup of which, with a biscuit, she prevailed on our heroine to take.

During the whole time this conversation was going on between Miss Mortimer and Louise Papin, Jean Coudin, suspicious and watchful, and hating Louise with a terrible vengeful feeling, was looking through a wide chink in the door that separated the two caves, keeping his eyes fixed upon them, and also

hearing almost every word they uttered. He was alone, for his comrade, Paul Durand, after disguising himself, had left the cavern to engage the lugger.

"Ah!" he mentally exclaimed, as he heard Louise Papin declare she would save Miss Mortimer from their schemes even if she had to betray them. "Ah, sacre bête!" and he bit his lip till it bled with passion; "I will serve you out. Mark me if I do not repay your treachery. What's to hinder me from cutting your throat now. Ah! she has a loaded pistol in her pocket. The she-devil would glory in killing me; but wait till night," and he shook his clenched hand in the direction of Louise, and then returned to the outer cave, and sitting down on a low chest, on which were placed two bottles of brandy, some meat and bread, he filled himself a tumbler of pure brandy, drank half, and then sat revolving in his wicked brain the most terrible schemes of vengeance upon Louise, upon Durand,—with a horrible laugh

he almost shouted, "She will then be mine, and only mine. Ah, sacre diable! I will do it," and down went the remainder of the brandy

Paul Durand was not to return till the following night—he would have time to mature his plans. He made up his mind to kill Louise and murder Durand as he crept through the low opening into the cavern. The more he drank the more he exulted in his horrible project. With the gold of Durand he would be able to induce old Pierre Bedout to carry him and his victim to the shores of England; he would tell Bedout that Durand and Louise had given up leaving France: they had quarrelled and gone, leaving him with the English girl as his share of the booty.

The long hours of the day wore on, and still Jean Coudin remained seated, eating and drinking alternately. Twice Louise Papin came into the cavern, and then he bent his head on the chest, resting on his arms, and pretended to sleep.

Overcome by fatigue as the night advanced, Annie felt it impossible to resist sleep.

"Do not fear to rest, mademoiselle," said the Frenchwoman, "I will cover you with this blanket and sit beside you. No fear of any intrusion; one of my associates has left the cavern, and the other brute is half drunk and asleep."

"Are you not afraid that, in his drunken state," asked Annie, "he will murder us?"

"Oh, no," said Louise. "He is a coward at heart; he knows I am armed, and that I hate him, so do not be afraid."

An hour more, and Annie slept the sleep of fatigue and weariness; but she made Louise lay beside her, and had the lamp trimmed.

Louise sat or reclined on the pallet, but she resisted for two hours the terrible feeling of intense fatigue and want of rest she felt stealing over her. This was her third night without sleep, and after great bodily exertion, for during the two previous days she had walked upwards of forty miles; but gra-

dually her eyes began to close, and finally her head fell back upon the pallet, and a profound sleep held her spell-bound.

"Ah!" said Jean Coudin, with a sigh of relief, "the jade sleeps,—sleeps her last sleep," and he drew from its sheath a long-bladed knife, which he opened, and then pressed a spring, which kept the knife from closing after a blow. It was a most formidable weapon. Putting aside his shoes, he took another dose of brandy, to fortify his courage, and keep up his resolution to commit the horrible crime he meditated. He then slowly and cautiously opened the door of communication between the caves, and paused, looking at his victims, upon whom the light of the lamp fell. They slept profoundly. His first intention was to note accurately how his victim lay. Louise had her back to the door; Annie Mortimer her face towards him. He intended blowing out the lamp and striking his victim in the dark. Then his cowardly nature suggested to him that his

blow, struck in the dark, might not disable Louise, and she lay with a loaded pistol in her hand; he could see that, and the least awkwardness might make him the victim. But their sleep appeared so profound that he lost all fear, and advanced towards the pallet with his knife raised to strike and then to seize the pistol; but just as the blow was descending, and aimed at the throat of Louise, Annie Mortimer's eyes unclosed, and became fixed on the intended murderer. The coward trembled and hesitated, when a wild shriek burst from our heroine; and with surprising power, she seized Louise Papin, and dragged her and herself from the pallet, as the villain struck a furious blow. The blade pierced the French girl's shoulder, inflicting a severe gash. With a horrible oath, the wretch threw himself on his victim to give her a mortal wound, when a loud report resounded through the cavern. Jean Coudin rolled over and fell, writhing in agony, on the ground, uttering fearful maledictions

and making terrible but fruitless efforts to rise. Annie, overcome with horror, became insensible. Louise Papin, pale as death, the blood streaming from the deep gash in her shoulder, rose to her feet. For a moment she was bewildered, horrified. Her gaze was fixed upon the dying man whose eyes followed her every movement, whilst his fingers kept grasping at the blood-stained ground on which he lay writhing.

"Cursed murderess! you have slain me," he gasped out.

"No, miserable wretch; my hand never pulled the trigger. Your cruel and murderous stroke as it fell on me exploded the pistol, but my hand never touched it."

"Accursed liar!" screamed the dying convict, rolling over; and then, with a fearful struggle, he fell back dead.

Louise then recollected our heroine, who had saved her life. She knew, had she not moved her, the knife would have entered her throat. Raising the insensible girl,

she laid her on the pallet, and then strove to staunch the blood that flowed from her own shoulder. Having hastily bandaged the wound, she turned her attention upon Miss Mortimer, whose eyes were closed, and whose face was so fearfully pale that she became alarmed. She applied vinegar to her temples, to her nostrils; tried every means in her power, but with no effect. Then she thought should Annie recover, the horrible sight of Jean Coudin, his face saturated in blood, would create such a feeling of horror that she would relapse into a worse state.

Louise was a determined woman; she thought for a moment, and then resolved to drag the body into the first cave. Throwing a cloth over the face, with a shudder at its ghastly aspect, but a feeling of relief that his death was his own act and not hers, she proceeded to drag it into the other cave; this she accomplished, but not without suffering both in mind and body. Though she hated the man, and knew he intended to betray

them, and had also attempted to assassinate her, as his first victim, yet his sudden and horrible death struck a chill to her heart.

It was then Louise made a solemn vow to sin no more, under any temptation, and to endeavour to remedy the evil she had assisted to commit. As she returned to the pallet on which she had placed Miss Mortimer, she perceived with sincere pleasure and relief that she was moving, and almost immediately after she drew a long breath, and slowly unclosed her eyes.

"Ah, Louise," she said, in a low, plaintive voice, "I have had a horrid dream—or was it reality?"

Louise brought a glass of wine and pressed her to take a little just to moisten her lips, which she did; and, recollection returning, she shuddered, and, raising herself, her eyes wandered all over the cavern; and sinking back and closing her eyes, she murmured, "A dream—it must have been a dream."

Louise by this time felt faint. She was not

aware of the quantity of blood she had lost and was losing. She sat down on the pallet, and strove to shake off the faintness, when Annie Mortimer, starting up on the pallet, exclaimed, as her eyes rested on the blood-stained dress of the Frenchwoman, "It was no dream—you are wounded, Louise, the blood is flowing now from your wound. Let me tie on a bandage. Oh! how well I remember all now;" and, rousing herself, she insisted upon washing and staunching the blood which still flowed.

Louise was affected to tears—"How little I deserve this kindness from you, mademoiselle;" and she kissed the fair small hand that so carefully and tenderly placed the bandage over the deep and terrible gash on the shoulder.

"But, Louise," said our heroine, seeing some colour coming back slowly to the young woman's cheek, "where is the wretch who gave you this wound? He may come again."

"Never, mademoiselle, never. The would-be murderer is dead."

"Dead!" repeated our heroine, with a shudder. "Then it was you who fired the pistol. I now recollect I heard a report just as I fell back insensible."

"No, mademoiselle," returned Louise. "I thank Heaven I did not pull the trigger of the pistol. I had the weapon by me for our mutual defence, and when the wretch missed his blow, owing to your wonderful presence of mind in dragging me aside, he threw himself upon me, grasped the pistol by the muzzle, and, in tearing it out of my hand, must have pulled the trigger and shot himself through the head."

"Where is the body, Louise?" and Miss Mortiner, pale as a lily, cast an affrighted look over the dreary cavern.

"You need not fear, mademoiselle; the body is not here. I dragged it into the first vault, and covered it with a cloth."

Annie sighed—"What a death! and what nerve you must have had to perform so terrible a task. But what will the dead man's comrade say or do when he returns? Are you not afraid of his anger?"

"No, mademoiselle. I do not fear Paul Durand's anger."

"What!" exclaimed Annie Mortimer, in great amazement; "the son of old Durand, of the Bois Rouge?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, the same. I shall now drop all secresy; the great mover and projector of this scheme to secure your person is dead. I am satisfied his intention, if he had succeeded in slaying me, was to kill his comrade Durand also, and to kill him treacherously; for Paul Durand being far the most powerful man, he would have had no chance in a personal contest. Still, for many reasons, we cannot alter our plans in carrying you with us to England in Pierre Bedout's lugger."

"But," said Annie, eagerly, "would it not be easier to restore me to the protection of

Monsieur de Hauteville and his niece, Mademoiselle de Morni; they must still be sojourners in the Bois Rouge."

"Durand would never consent to that, mademoiselle; the risk would be too great; his life would be forfeited if discovered. Another reason of which I presume you are totally ignorant—Did it never strike you that Monsieur de Hauteville intended you to be his future wife, and that that intention was the cause of your detention as a prisoner under his protection? For you were one of the rescued English from the wreck of the Droits, and the Government long ago ordered all English survivors from the wreck of that vessel to be instantly restored to liberty, and to their native land."

Amazement caused Miss Mortimer to remain some minutes unable to reply. At length, looking into Louise Papin's pale features, she said,

"How is it possible he could entertain so strange an idea?"

"To fulfil an old prophecy relating to the house of De Hauteville, which prophecy stated, 'That if the last male descendant of the Hautevilles did not wed with a maiden of a foreign and hostile land, and at the same time that maiden must be a castaway, the house of Hauteville would cease to flourish, and become extinct.' You, mademoiselle, appeared the very person foretold by the stars to save the house of Hauteville."

"But," interrupted the astonished Miss Mortimer, "if even his intentions were such as you state, how could you become acquainted with his project, one so improbable and so preposterous?"

"The prophecy, mademoiselle, is very well known at De Hauteville. Monsieur de Hauteville spoke openly of his intentions to his niece, Mademoiselle de Morni. She ridiculed the idea, laughed at her uncle, and did all she could to turn him from what she called his insane project."

More and more astonished, our heroine

could only say, "your knowledge of this plan of the count appears most extraordinary."

"And yet, mademoiselle, it was very simply obtained. Mademoiselle de Morni wrote a full account of all this to her mother, the countess, then in the castle of Auray. A courier carrying the count's letters and despatches to Castle Auray was stopped by a band of Chouans, and robbed of letters, money, &c. The chief of these Chouans—"

Louise's pale cheek flushed, and she appeared to suffer pain in reciting these statements—but rousing herself from the despondency that came over her, she continued, "I was connected with this band. The chief was my husband, not from choice, but necessity, and the letters taken from the courier fell into my hands; and, without feeling any interest in their contents, I perused them from curiosity and for amusement. Thus, you see, mademoiselle, I became acquainted with your intended fate before

ever I dreamt of being leagued to do you this wrong. But now, mademoiselle, I must tell you who first projected the scheme of carrying you out of the Bois Rouge, taking you to England, and extorting an immense sum for your restoration to your guardians. Have you any idea, mademoiselle, who the wretched man was who lies dead in yonder cave?"

"I have not the slightest notion," returned our heroine, confused and bewildered.

"Do you remember on board the ship that brought you and your family from the West Indies—"

"You mean the Cumberland Packet."

"Yes, that was the name. Well, mademoiselle, there were two men passengers on board that vessel, the Count de Maule and Henri—"

"Oh Heavens!" interrupted our heroine. "I see it now; the dead man—"

"Was the pretended Count de Maule, and Henri Duval is Paul Durand, my first

lover and my intended husband. I trust to be able to reclaim him from his evil and wild life, when once we reach the English coast."

Miss Mortimer was exceedingly astonished at the explanation given by Louise, but being overcome with fatigue, and much depressed in mind by the late horrible scene she had witnessed, and aware that she would have to go through much more fatigue, she thought repose, even if she could not sleep, would restore some strength to her exhausted body.

Louise Papin trimmed the lamp and poured in more oil. It was approaching the time when she must prepare to meet Durand at the outlet from the cavern, and break to him the intelligence of Jean Coudin's death.

"I am going, mademoiselle," said Louise, having arranged the lamp and placed some few things near our heroine she thought she might want, "I am going to meet Paul Durand; you will not feel any fear at being left alone."

"I have more fear of the living than the dead," said the girl sadly. "But, Louise," she continued, "it is grieving my mind, that this man's body should lie to perish, or be torn to pieces by rats, for there must be many here. I trust you will induce Durand to endeavour to commit it to the earth."

"I intend doing so, mademoiselle," said Louise; "and if we can prevail on Pierre Bedout's crew to help, it can easily be done."

Louise lighted her lantern and left Annie Mortimer, either to sleep, or ponder over her strange situation.

Our heroine did not sleep, that was out of the question; not because she feared to do so on account of the lifeless body of the wretched man, whose cruel and dastardly act recoiled upon himself, was so near, but anxiety for the future and the uncertainty as to how Paul Durand might behave when he learned the fate of his comrade.

It seemed to her so strange that Louise Papin, who appeared really to possess a good

heart, could possibly unite her fate to a man like Durand, and hope to change his nature. A man who could contemplate setting fire to his own father's house, for the purpose of depriving him of his gold, when the fire once ignited might have destroyed the life of both his parents, to say nothing of others under the same roof—in our heroine's opinion Paul Durand was as great a villain as Jean Coudin, and therefore she feared lest his power over Louise might lead to further persecution.

CHAPTER VI.

Louise Papin proceeded to the outward cave to meet Paul Durand. She was not without some uneasiness of mind, for, previous to her encounter and short intercourse with Miss Mortimer, Louise had never permitted herself to think or reflect upon the terrible mode of life she was leading. Paul had certainly been her first real attachment; but at that time he had not been guilty of any actual crime. When they separated, and his crimes led to his transportation for life—she at first grieved over their separation; but a wild and thoughtless career soon banished him from her mind. She became entangled in the fate

of a man who afterwards, under the title of a Chouan leader, committed innumerable robberies and depredations. Paul Durand and Jean Coudin joined this band; and suddenly, to her great astonishment, Louise once more encountered her first lover. The Chouan leader having been slain in an encounter with a troop of De Hauteville's horse, Louise Papin consented to join her fortunes to those of Jean Coudin and Paul Durand. She did not bestow much thought upon her intended and future husband and her own fate; but she perceived Durand had become much changed, both in mind and temper, since they had parted years before—he was more violent, more cruel in disposition, and appeared strongly attached to Jean Coudin a man Louise detested. She therefore went to meet Durand with some degree of uneasiness; to do her justice, not for anything that might occur to herself; but lest Durand's projects might affect Miss Mortimer, for whom she felt a most devoted attachment.

Louise had scarcely reached the outward cavern, when she heard persons outside moving the large stones that blocked up the narrow entrance. Listening attentively, she recognised Durand's voice, and then a stranger's—and presently one of the huge rocks was moved aside by means of crowbars that were concealed outside for the purpose. Louise waited quietly, satisfied that those outside were, at all events, in the confidence of Durand.

Having put aside the rocks, Paul crawled through the aperture, immediately followed by another man. Louise turned her lantern, and Durand perceived her.

"Ah, Louise, is it you? I am glad you came to meet us. This is Pierre Bedout's son, Henri. We must get away from this place before an hour's out."

"How is that," asked Louise, "have you not been able to get the lugger up the creek?"

"Oh, yes," said Henri Bedout, "the lugger

is only a couple of miles below—it is intensely dark. We came up in the boat; it would risk sticking in the mud to bring the lugger higher up. We cannot use sails in the creek—it is too narrow; therefore we must pole her down."

"Where is Jean Coudin?" asked Durand. "No doubt either drunk or asleep."

Louise knew she must speak; so stopping Henri Durand, as they passed through the outer cavern, she drew him aside, and said in a low voice, "Jean Coudin is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Durand, starting back; but grasping Louise by the arm. "Are you dreaming?"

"It is no dream," answered Louise; "the villain tried to kill me;" and taking the candle from the lantern, she threw its light upon her bandaged shoulder and her blood-stained dress.

"Sacre tonnere de Dieu!" fiercely exclaimed Durand. "The wretch was a double traitor, then—we, that is Pierre and I, are

aware that he contemplated playing us false, and we intended to tell him so, and part company now and for ever. But you are a brave girl—you shot the villain?"

"No," returned Louise, "I rejoice to say I did not. That I would have done so I do not deny; but in tearing the pistol from me, after giving me what would have proved a death-blow, but for the courage and heroism of our unfortunate captive—the pistol went off in his own hands—and he fell, shot through the brain, and died as he lived—a miserable wretch."

Pierre Bedout, a stout, square-built, well-looking young man, dressed in a seaman's costume of thick flannel, equal to our seamen's Flushing coats, stood staring at Louise, and listening to her explanation of Jean Coudin's death with an expression of astonishment and no little dismay on his features.

"What have you done with the body, and how does the English girl stand this affair?" asked Durand.

"She is a noble-hearted girl," said Louise, "but we will talk of our future proceedings when we get to the lugger. Sit you down here," pointing to the two chests, on which the ill-starred Jean Coudin had placed meat and drink.

"Ah," said Pierre Bedout, pulling out his pipe and lighting it, and filling a glass with brandy, "we will stay here till you get the lady ready for the trip."

"But," said Louise, "what is to be done with the body of Coudin?"

"Parbleu!" said Durand, "what do we care about his treacherous carcase—the rats will make short work of him."

"No, no," said Louise, "Mademoiselle Mortimer saved my life. She made me promise to get the body buried."

"Upon my life, that's good," said Durand, swallowing a glass of brandy, and turning to his comrade; "if you want grave-diggers, you will next want a priest to say mass over his carcase."

"Do not speak in that way, Durand," said Louise, sternly, "don't you know, if ever the entrance is found into these caverns, the body will be discovered, and who can tell what may occur then?"

"It will not much matter to us, once we set foot on British soil," answered Durand.

"Parbleu!" said Bedout, taking his pipe from his mouth, "it might lead to something against me or my father, by some chance or other."

"I'll tell you then, Pierre, what we can do, and it will answer all the purposes of burial. Let us drop the body into the great hole in the outer cavern. No one has ever made out how deep that is, that ever I heard of, and it's not likely anyone ever will. Throw a rock into it, and you will hear it bounding from side to side for a minute or two. Will that satisfy you, Louise, for, curse me, if I turn grave-digger, without either spade or pickaxe."

"Yes," said Louise, "it would be better

he lay at the bottom of that hole, than to be devoured by rats; there's a stream of water I know runs into it."

"He was never fond of water in his lifetime," said Durand, laughing, "it's late for him to take to it now—but in he shall go—so hasten and get our pretty captive ready, for we must be out of the creek by daylight."

Louise, in a very thoughtful mood, and suffering considerable pain from her two severe cuts, proceeded to rejoin Miss Mortimer in the inner cave. In her own mind she resolved to give up her intended union with Paul Durand. She could easily perceive—besides knowing him to be a man of many crimes—that he was also heartless and reckless in manner and disposition, and too ready to plunge into any crime for the sake of gold. She therefore determined to quit him the moment they reached England. She would labour to become an honest woman, and she could very well conjecture that Miss

Mortimer would enable her to earn an honest subsistence.

On entering the inner cavern, Louise perceived our heroine, who had heard the sound of men's voices, anxiously listening, and looking exceedingly uneasy and very pale.

"You need not be alarmed, mademoiselle," said Louise, "for everything is now arranged for our quitting the caverns at once. We are to be taken in a boat down to where a lugger is waiting to receive us. In forty-eight hours we may reach the English coast."

"Then Paul Durand has heard the death of his comrade without anger."

"Oh, yes, mademoiselle, and good reason he has for doing so, for he says he had found out that Jean Coudin intended treachery to him."

"And the body," asked our heroine, with a shudder.

"When we pass out of the cave, they will put the body away. Now, mademoiselle, let

me wrap you in this mantle; it has a large hood, which will cover your head and face completely, and keep you warm."

Annie Mortimer having made up her mind to endure every trial with that firm reliance on Providence which had hitherto sustained her, covered herself with the ample mantle Louise threw over her. Passing out, they entered the outward cave, and then our heroine perceived Paul Durand and the young man, Pierre Bedout's son. Durand had by this time discarded his usual garment, and attired himself in precisely similar clothing to Bedout—a complete fisherman's costume. She perceived that he regarded her with a keen scrutinizing glance, but keeping her hood close, she leant on Louise's arm, and waited till the men had picked up two large bundles, finished another horn of brandy, and then led the way to the mouth of the cave.

"You can wait for us outside, Louise," said Durand, "we shall not keep you long. Jean Coudin must be comfortably disposed of,"

and he and his comrade each taking up a light, proceeded to the cave where the body was lying.

Annie Mortimer shuddered at Paul Durand's words, and as they stooped and crept out into the open air, she said in a low voice to Louise, "You do wrong, Louise, to unite your destiny to that man."

"I do not intend to do so, mademoiselle," answered Louise earnestly, "I fear he is too hardened in crime for me to reclaim him."

"I am glad you have come to that determination, Louise; you shall not want help from me, if it pleases God we get to England in safety."

They were standing outside the cavern's mouth, on a narrow bank that separated them from the waters of the creek. It was a dark, cloudy night with a fresh breeze blowing; at first they could not distinguish anything, but after a few moments they perceived the waters of the creek rippling under the force of the

breeze; they then perceived the boat fastened to a grapnel buried in the green bank. The opening from the cave was at the bottom of a tolerably high cliff, covered with an entangled mass of briars and low shrubs, and the side of the creek was thickly wooded; the opposite shore was a flat swamp. In the pauses of the breeze they could distinctly hear the sound of waves dashing on a pebbly beach.

In less than ten minutes the two men issued from the cave laughing and talking in the rude patois of the province. They hastily blocked up the entrance of the cavern pulled over the rocks the mass of briars, previously shoved aside, and then hid the two crow-bars.

"Now, mademoiselle," said Paul Durand, "we are ready, and here is the boat," hauling her in close to the bank.

Louise helped our heroine in, and then the two men took in their grapnel, pushed out into the stream; and taking their oars com-

menced pulling down the creek. This inlet of the sea was narrow but deep, with high banks on each side. There was not a word uttered by any of the party. After a mile or two the creek became double the breadth, and almost at the same moment a large and lofty sided lugger was seen at anchor in the middle of the inlet. They ran alongside, and several men, holding one or two lanterns' leaned over the bulwarks and threw the light strongly down into the boat. Over the side of the lugger some short steps were lowered, and up these and along the deck to the cabin Louise assisted Miss Mortimer. It was a roomy cabin with six berths, three on each side; there was a lamp swinging from the beam, and a small stove with a sea coal fire in it. Left to themselves Annie threw off the hood from her head, and sank down weak and exhausted on one of the lockers. Louise looked even paler than our heroine, for her wounds were very much more serious than she at first supposed.

"We shall not be intruded upon by anyone," she said to our wearied heroine, "therefore you may lie down in one of these berths prepared purposely for you. It is quite clean, and with your mantle over you you may obtain a few hours' rest, which is so necessary to us, for I confess, what with fatigue, anxiety, and the uneasiness of my wounds, I am fairly overcome."

"I know you are suffering, Louise," observed Annie, "and alas, situated as we are, you must continue to suffer till you can procure surgical assistance."

"I trust," said Louise, "we shall run across in a couple of days, perhaps less."

Both being overpowered by fatigue and want of sleep, they closed the door of the cabin, and stretched themselves in their berths, hoping to sleep.

In the meantime the anchor of the lugger was hove up, and with four long sweeps she began with the turn of the tide to drop down the creek. The distance to the sea was

scarcely more than a league. There was a light breeze blowing, but the lugger set no sails, the sudden bends in the stream, and its breadth, rendering the chances of running ashore under canvas much greater than with the oars; and speed was unnecessary. Just as the dawn made they cleared the creek, and as the day increased the breeze freshened; and, setting sail, the lugger was steered for the West Penmarks, distant about six French leagues.

Paul Durand, as we stated, had changed his garments for those of a fisherman, and looked like one of the crew. He had a long conference with Henri Bedout, the skipper's son, for the old man had remained at Benodel.

"Where do you propose to land us, Henri?" asked Paul.

"Should we get across without being overhauled by any of the British cruisers," returned Henri, "we can run into any port on the Cornish coast. As refugees, you will be received without remark. Fishing boats car-

rying fugitive royalists are never molested; indeed, fishing boats, unless a pilot is wanted, never incur any risk of capture. But are you sure, in case of being overhauled and questioned, are you sure your prize will not split on you?"

"No. Since the death of Jean Coudin we have altered our plans. We have promised to restore her at once to her friends, and trust to her own honour and generosity."

"The best way too," returned the smuggler, "A stranger in England, you would have found it impossible to carry out your previous intentions. She's a beautiful young creature, and it would be a pity to act towards her as your cunning associate Jean Coudin intended."

"You will, of course, still use the caves, Henri, for your smuggling transactions?" said Durand.

"Oh, yes," returned the skipper, "when opportunity offers."

Before reaching the Penmarks they passed

several small coasting vessels, and also a small fleet of fishing luggers, plying between the two Penmarks. The breeze was exceedingly light, so that night set in thick and misty, just after clearing those dangerous rocks. During the darkness the lugger, under a very light but favourable breeze, stood away north-west. Towards morning it fell calm, with a heavy fog.

Annie Mortimer, feeling easier in her mind, had slept several hours, waking much refreshed. The hope of being able to reach her native shores inspired her with fresh spirit. Louise Papin had slept also, but her wounds required attention, and gave her much pain. Our heroine insisted upon helping her to bathe them, and put on fresh bandages. This afforded some relief, and then Louise prepared some coffee, fresh eggs, butter and bread, which was all they required. Louise went on deck to speak to Paul Durand, who did not offer to intrude into the cabin.

When the sun rose the fog began gradually to move under the impulse of a gentle south wind that sprung up, and with all sail set, the lugger moved at the rate of seven knots through the water. Suddenly the fog totally disappeared from the surface of the sea, and then those in the lugger perceived a large three-masted ship straight in their course, about a league off, and lying to.

The skipper had a look at her through his glass, Paul Durand having just come on deck from the fore cuddy.

"What is she, Henri?" demanded Paul, rather uneasily.

"She's a frigate, and no doubt French," returned the skipper; "though she has no bunting flying, for the cut of her top-sails is French. Get up our nets, my lads, and let us look ship-shape as fishermen, though it is not likely that she will notice us much. She is, no doubt, one of the look-out frigates that keep cruising between Brest and Belle Isle."

"At all events," said Paul Durand, "alter your course so as to give her a wide berth."

"I will do so, gradually," returned the skipper, telling the man at the tiller to keep a couple of points more to the north, and take a pull at the sheets.

By this time they were scarcely two miles from the frigate, and shortly after the stranger braced round her yards, filled, and stood so as to cross the course of the lugger.

This manœuvre somewhat surprised the skipper of the lugger, though it did not at all alarm him, for he never for a moment imagined that a French frigate would require to overhaul a common French fishing boat.

The stranger came rapidly up, the lugger continuing her course. The frigate showed the tri-colour; she was a very handsome ship, of thirty or forty guns, in fine order, and recently painted and fresh rigged.

When within hail, the frigate's top-sails were backed, and a voice through a speaking trumpet ordered the lugger to heave to. This

of course, the skipper did, but the order made him uneasy if not alarmed ; he was all right as to his papers, and Paul Durand was entered amongst his crew as Jacques Paletot; but when they perceived the crew of the frigate dropping one of her quarter boats into the water, the skipper said to Paul Durand—"Run down into the cabin and tell the women if we are boarded by any one from the frigate to say that they are my sisters, come out for a few days' cruise for their health."

Paul Durand, who was greatly alarmed, ran down the companion stairs, and entered the cabin.

"What is the matter, Paul ?" asked Louise anxiously, seeing him pale and agitated, whilst Miss Mortimer looked startled, expecting some fresh misfortune.

Paul at once said that they were ordered to heave to by a French frigate, and that no doubt they would be boarded for some enquiry or other. "If, mademoiselle, you acknowledge yourself English," continued

Durand, addressing himself to our heroine, "you will be carried on board the frigate a prisoner, and treated as a fugitive. May I beg of you to let Louise speak, and permit yourself to be passed off as her sister, that the skipper is your brother, and that you are come out to sea for your health."

Annie Mortimer by no means wished to be carried back to France as a prisoner; she therefore said, "I shall not contradict whatever Louise says, but I trust they will not examine me, or they will detect me to be English."

"Just lay down, mademoiselle," said Durand, "on one of the lockers, as if unwell, partly covering yourself with your mantle; it is not likely that they will ask any questions of either; perhaps not even come down into the cabin." So saying, he hastened on deck.

By this time the frigate's boat, impelled by four oars, with an officer in the stern sheets, pulled up alongside the lugger, and hooking on to the shrouds, the lieutenant, a young

and handsome man, sprang on deck. Henri Bedout took off his cap respectfully. "You are skipper of this craft, I presume?" said the lieutenant, in a quiet, unconcerned tone.

"Oui, monsieur," returned the skipper.

"Where do you hail from, my man?"

"We hail from Quimperday, monsieur, and are out for a few days."

"Show me your clearance, and send all your men aft." The skipper took a tin case from the binnacle, and selected two papers, and handed them to the lieutenant. The first paper, the clearance from Quimperday, was all right, the other paper contained the names of the skipper and crew. The men, including Paul Durand, had assembled abaft the main-mast, when the lieutenant called out their several names one after the other, examining each as he stepped out, with a critical eye; but he seemed quite satisfied. Paul Durand fearlessly answered to the name of Jacques Paletot. Handing the papers back to the skipper, the lieutenant said,

"They are all right; no one else aboard your craft?"

Had the skipper said boldly, "No," it is most likely the officer would have left the lugger without further enquiry, but his answer was, "Only my two sisters, monsieur, come out for a few days cruise for their health."

"How is that?" returned the lieutenant, turning and looking keenly into the skipper's face, "you should have had their names inserted in your list—where are they?"

"In the cabin, monsieur."

"Tell them to come on deck; but how is it you did not get their names inserted as passengers? You ought to know that the law is strict, as many prisoners and dangerous royalists are daily making attempts to escape from France, and especially from the coast of Brittany."

"I was not aware, monsieur," said the skipper, humbly, "when I took out my papers, that they would come: they joined me down the river."

"Well, I must see them, at all events," said the lieutenant, good humouredly, "for we received notice six days ago that two dangerous royalist assassins, after an attempt upon the first consul's life, which, thank God, signally failed, had escaped into Brittany, and were traced, one in woman's attire, to within a few leagues of Quimper, intending to effect an escape to England in any boat they could get, as they had money in abundance to bribe our fishermen."

"Would you please to descend into the cabin, monsieur," said the skipper, somewhat relieved, as he knew right well neither of the two assassins were on board his craft, "my sisters are poor sailors, monsieur."

"Very good," and walking aft, he descended into the cabin.

Louise Papin was sitting on one of the lockers. She looked pale and ill enough, and the young lieutenant, gazing at her without any suspicion in his tone or manner, said, "Your brother, mademoiselle, was wrong to

bring you to sea, without having your names entered as passengers."

As the young man spoke, Annie Mortimer uttered an involuntary exclamation, and leaning back, drew her hood more over her face. The officer turned round, as Louise said quietly, "I am sorry, monsieur, that our anxiety to take a sea voyage has caused my brother to do that which is not correct. I trust you will pardon him, as our entreaties overcame his scruples."

Satisfied by the look and the words of Louise, the lieutenant said, "Nimporte, mademoiselle, there is no harm done; but is your sister so very ill that she cannot let us see her face; if I can judge by the foot, and being a sister of yours, it is no doubt a pretty one," and in a gentle and playful manner, he, by a sudden movement, drew back the hood of Miss Mortimer's mantle, displaying her pale and agitated, but lovely face.

"Grand Dieu!" exclaimed the officer, starting back. "Mademoiselle Mortimer!"

Our heroine was greatly agitated, and perhaps a little indignant; whilst Louise was not only astonished but considerably alarmed at this recognition of our heroine by the lieutenant, for now it would be very evident that the skipper's story of their being his sisters was a falsehood. Our heroine had recognised the French lieutenant the moment he entered the cabin. He was one of the officers of the Droits de l' Homme, when that ship took possession of the Cumberland Packet. From that period to the time of the wreck of the seventy-four gun ship, Lieutenant Pusaye, and indeed all the officers of the ship, had vied with each other in shewing every attention to their young and beautiful captive. Lieutenant Pusaye also became very intimate with Lieut. Chamberlain, and the French lieutenant would have continued his attention to the last had not an accident in launching a raft cast him overboard; nevertheless, he gained the raft, and ultimately the shore. A few weeks afterwards he was appointed second lieutenant

of the Camille. The young man's astonishment on discovering Miss Mortimer was quite as great as hers in recognising him; the Frenchman also felt pained for he at once conjectured that she was endeavouring to escape from France, and thus he was placed in a most unpleasant predicament—interest struggling with duty. The lieutenant had heard of her mother's escape from the wreck, and also of hers and her son's death; but of Miss Mortimer's fate he knew nothing.

He was now acting under the most stringent orders from the Commander of the Camille, which frigate was sent to cruise between Brest and Belle Isle, to have every vessel and fishing lugger carefully examined. There were several notorious royalists known to be attempting an escape from France. It was also known that they were on the coast of Brittany watching to cross to the shores of England.

After this short digression, necessary to put our readers *au fait* to the position our heroine and Lieut. Pusaye were placed in, we re-

sume our story in the cabin of the lugger. Lieutenant Pusaye could easily perceive, looking into the interesting expressive countenance of Annie Mortimer, that she was somewhat offended by his act of unveiling her face: he first earnestly apologised for doing so, which he said could not by any means be attributed to disrespect on his part; for, in fact, it was his duty to examine rigidly every one found in the vessels he was ordered to visit.

By this time, Miss Mortimer had recovered her presence of mind, and anxious to screen Louise and her associates from the consequence of detection in aiding a prisoner to escape, said, regarding Monsieur de Pusaye kindly, "I am not offended, monsieur; on the contrary, I have too vivid a remembrance of all the kindnesses myself and family experienced from the officers of the Droits; but I feel depressed at bringing trouble on others for thus aiding me in my endeavours to reach my native land."

"Do not be concerned or uneasy, mademoiselle, on the subject," said the lieutenant. "You may rest assured they will neither be molested nor punished in this case—which is very different indeed from aiding an assassin or a traitor to escape the laws of his country. All the harm that will ensue will be that you and I presume your attendant here—"

"Oh, yes," replied Annie eagerly, having caught an imploring look from Louise, "I should feel deeply distressed were I to be separated from one who is much attached to me, and to whom I am deeply indebted."

"You shall not be separated, mademoiselle, and believe me, when I declare, it grieves me to have to detain you; but you will receive every kindness and attention from my commander, Monsieur Nodin, and it will console you to know that as soon as we reach Brest you will, by the orders of the government, be restored to liberty, and to your country, as all those persons of your nation who were prisoners on board the Droits have

already been. I would even now willingly let you go free, but my long absence from my ship has, no doubt, created suspicion, and the loss of my commission would be the consequence."

"Oh, monsieur," returned our heroine, with much animation and marked interest, "I should be wretched were such a circumstance to occur. I and my attendant will follow you at once."

Louise, apparently delighted, eagerly commenced selecting some articles from their bundles, and Lieutenant Pusaye handing our heroine up the cabin ladder, stepped out on deck. Henri Bedout and Paul Durand, whilst Lieutenant Pusaye remained below, were in considerable trouble and doubt respecting the searching visit of the lieutenant. Paul Durand experienced much more dismay than the skipper; should they all be imprisoned for aiding and abetting a prisoner to escape he would surely be detected as a returned convict; or even should they be per-

mitted to go free, Miss Mortimer would be taken out of his hands, and he had schemes of his own respecting her that he never intended Louise to be a partner in. In fact, once in England, he cared little about Louise, and determined, in his own mind, to let her shift for herself. Therefore, when Lieutenant Pusaye came on deck with Miss Mortimer, he almost trembled with anxiety.

The skipper came forward, cap in hand, very humbly, and looking very penitent. "I trust, monsieur," he said, "that my desire to assist this unfortunate young lady, whose charming manner would seduce a saint—not, monsieur, that I lay claim to any such application—but, en verité, we could not refuse her this little vessel to regain her native land; besides, monsieur, the lady is scarcely a prisoner of war."

"You are very eloquent, skipper," said the lieutenant, with a smile; "but I perfectly agree with you that it would be quite impossible to resist mademoiselle's entreaties—

therefore be easy, I will procure your pardon from my commander, and you may return to port; but take my advice, as you appear so tender-hearted, to stick to your trade of fishing; the times are ticklish, and skippers caught aiding and abetting conspirators to escape across the water, run great chance of losing their heads."

"That would be a sad loss, monsieur le lieutenant," returned the skipper, rubbing his caput, as if doubtful of its safety. "I humbly beg to thank you for your advice."

Whilst this short dialogue was taking place, Louise Papin contrived to approach Paul Durand.

"What," said he, in a low voice, "you are going too?" and he cast a glance of savage rage at Louise.

"Yes," said Louise, calmly, "I am. It is better to repent soon than late. I renounce my past life, and shall hope to do better, and I pray you to do so likewise."

"Curse you, traitress; you think to feather

your nest without sharing—take care I do not denounce you now."

"And so lose your own head, without hurting mine. No, no, Paul, you are not so silly as all that. Adieu, try to profit by my advice," and, turning from the furious Frenchman, she followed mademoiselle and the lieutenant into the boat alongside.

The French frigate was lying-to within two hundred yards of the lugger. Numbers of her men were gazing out over the hammock-nettings, wondering who the females were coming in the boat, and some of the younger officers were rather curious to get a glimpse of the faces of the strangers; but Miss Mortimer kept her hood close. They were soon alongside, and, after Lieutenant Pusaye had spoken to the officer standing on the gangway, the chair used for female accommodation was lowered, and in a few moments Annie Mortimer and her attendant, Louise, were standing on the deck of the frigate Camille. Considerable curiosity was

excited, for our heroine's hood was accidentally thrown back by a rope, and her young and beautiful face was for a moment visible to those surrounding the chair. Replacing her hood, Lieutenant Pusaye led Miss Mortimer to the quarter-deck, where Captain Nodin was standing, waiting to be informed who the females were—thinking in his own mind that they were some royalist ladies attempting to escape from France.

Commander Guillaume Pierre Nodin was a very gallant and high-spirited officer—one who gloried in the honour of his country, which the government was supporting grandly and triumphantly. He was one of those commanders who prefer going down with his ship sooner than surrender to superior force. He was a very great favourite of Commodore Gauntraume, then at Brest with the Mont Blanc seventy-four, and several frigates and corvettes, watching the proceedings of the British fleet and cruisers under Lord Bridport. Lieutenant Pusaye went to

his commander, and, in a few words, explained to him who his fair guest was.

"Eh, Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Captain Nodin, "is it possible," and immediately he stepped forward, saluting Miss Mortimer by raising his hat from his head, and gallantly offering his arm, said, "Permit me, mademoiselle, to conduct you to the cabin—a private one shall at once be prepared for you and your attendant. Ah, mademoiselle, I was at Brest when the Droits was wrecked, and I know all about your terrible misfortunes."

"You are very good, monsieur," she answered, in a somewhat agitated voice, "to receive a fugitive with so much kindness. I was not, I assure you, seeking to escape of my own free will; for I was treated with great hospitality and kindness by Monsieur de Hauteville, but I cannot now, monsieur, enter into particulars."

"Oh, mademoiselle," returned the captain, handing her to a sofa in the principal cabin,

"it is not necessary. Remember you are my guest, and not my prisoner. In a few minutes you will have your own cabin; till then no one will intrude here," and with a low bow the gallant and kind-hearted seaman retired.

Before our heroine had quite recovered from the agitation and nervousness she experienced, the captain's principal attendant showed Miss Mortimer and La Belle Papin into a handsome private state-room, containing a separate chamber, in which were two berths.

Annie Mortimer, divesting herself of the mantle, sank, quite overcome with fatigue and agitation, on the sofa, and leaning back, saw with dismay the pale and almost ghastly countenance of Louise Papin.

"Good Heavens, Louise," she cried, seeing the young woman sink down quite overcome, "you are ill. Your wounds have broken out afresh; you must have assistance."

"I believe I must see a surgeon," said

Louise, in a low voice. "But how, mademoiselle, can I account for having such wounds."

"Leave that to me, Louise. I can easily explain that without implicating anyone."

Just then the steward entered with a tray containing hot coffee.

"Would you be so good," said our heroine, addressing the man, who looked startled, at seeing Louise Papin so deadly pale, and apparently inclined to faint. "Would you be so good as to request the attendance of a surgeon; my attendant has been severely wounded, and the wounds are breaking out fresh."

"I will run and inform our commander, mademoiselle; you will have our surgeon here in a few moments."

In less than five minutes the man returned, and begged Louise to follow him; the ship's surgeon would see her in his own cabin. Louise followed the steward into the cabin and found an elderly gentleman waiting her

approach. Louise felt very uncomfortable, but too unwell to hesitate, as the surgeon very kindly said,—

"I am sorry to hear you are wounded; will you permit me to see your hurts."

On seeing the wounds the surgeon looked very serious, saying "this is a deep and dangerous stab, and if neglected longer would be very serious indeed."

"I had no possible way of seeking assistance sooner, monsieur," replied Louise. "Mademoiselle Mortimer, who saw the injury inflicted by a cowardly miscreant, did all she could to assuage the pain by washing and bandaging, but recent exertion has caused the wound to break out again."

"Well, it is lucky you are in time; I hope, after a few days, I shall be able to reduce this inflammation; but you must not use your right hand."

He carefully closed the principal wound, skilfully dressed and bandaged it, and having given her some medicine to be taken,

Louise, after thanking the surgeon for his great kindness, was conducted back to our heroine's cabin, and shortly after both, worn out with fatigue, retired to rest.

CHAPTER VII.

It wanted an hour to sunset, as the French frigate, the Camille, tacked, and then stood out from the land. As the sun declined, the breeze freshened very gradually to the northward, thus blowing right in their teeth, for their destination was Brest. Captain Nodin was walking the quarter-deck with Lieutenant Pusaye, who was a great favourite with his commander.

"It strikes me," said Captain Nodin to his lieutenant, "there is a very great mystery attached to the finding of this pretty English girl on board that lugger. Where, in the first place, can she have resided for so many months since the wreck of the Droits?"

"I have been thinking, monsieur," said the lieutenant, "all about mademoiselle, and it certainly appears to me very extraordinary. When I was cast ashore, I remained for some days at Audierne, helping to rescue my comrades, and anxious to learn some particulars of the fate of this most interesting English girl, who attracted so much interest and admiration whilst in the Droits. She was affianced to a noble youth, an officer in the English navy, and who at one time rendered me a very great service—a Lieut. Chamberlain."

"What!" exclaimed Captain Nodin, pausing in his walk, "did you say Chamberlain?"

"Oui, monsieur," returned the lieutenant.

"Why, parbleu," returned the commander of the Camille, "that's the name of the young English officer who escaped from the custody of a certain sub-lieutenant, named Popatin, who had charge of a battery, near Audierne. This Lieut. Chamberlain—mind, the details, I heard at Brest, are somewhat confused and

mystified—however, this Lieut. Chamberlain and three English sailors, also prisoners under the care of Popatin, contrived to escape from his charge. Wandering along the shore, they came upon a lugger lying in a creek near Chateau de Hauteville. This craft was a pleasure vessel it seems, belonging to General de Hauteville. Lieut. Chamberlain and his three sailors boarded the craft, threw the two men in her overboard, cut the cables and warps that fastened her to the quay, and ran her out to sea. Now, so far, there is nothing very impossible in all this. But now comes the extremely mysterious part of the business," continued Captain Nodin, "How it was managed no one seems to know, but I was ashore and in Brest at the time, and heard the hundred and one varied versions of this affair.

"Lieut. Chamberlain, after seizing the lugger, was seen the following morning by one of our coast cruisers—the Sans Pareil, cutter. She gave chase, but the lugger

escaped in a dense fog and a smart gale. The next day, those aboard the Sans Pareil saw a lugger running towards them, and at some distance a schooner, which was soon recognised as the famous fast privateer, the Belle Poule. The lugger reached the side of the Sans Pareil first, and turned out to be the lugger belonging to Monsieur de Hauteville; and in her was part of the crew of the Belle Poule. They hurriedly stated that a party of Englishmen boarded them in the night, took the schooner, slew the captain, and several of their comrades. They asked for muskets and ammunition, and they would help the Sans Pareil to retake the Belle Poule, which all perceived was fast coming up.

"Though greatly amazed, the skipper of the Sans Pareil, a brave and skilful man, determined to retake the schooner, being the larger vessel of the two, and with double or treble the amount of men. The Belle Poule, however, came up, and at once engaged the

cutter whilst the lugger, it seems, annoying them by firing muskets into her, was sunk with all aboard by a broadside and finally the Sans Pareil, disabledby a shot that carried away her mast-head, was so peppered and badgered by this audacious schooner, which the skipper of the Sans Pareil says was most admirably handled by this Lieut. Chamberlain, that he was forced to surrender; but when taken aboard, the young lieutenant permitted the captain and crew to go ashore in their boat, to avoid being made prisoners by an English ship-of-war, just then making her appearance. The skipper came on to Brest, and this is the recital I heard whilst there."

"Well, monsieur," said Lieutenant Pusaye, "this story I have no doubt is quite correct, for from what I know of Lieutenant Chamberlain, he is just the very man for an exploit such as you have recited. I therefore conclude that Monsieur Chamberlain and Mademoiselle Mortimer got safe ashore to-

gether from the wreck of the Droits, but where she has been since is the question. I have no doubt that she herself, when recovered from her fatigue, will willingly give you an explanation of what appears now so mysterious."

Just then Monsieur Cartereau, the surgeon, came on deck, after dressing Louise's wounds.

"Well, Cartereau," said Captain Nodin, "what is the matter with the young woman, the attendant of Mademoiselle Mortimer? She's French, at all events."

"Oui, monsieur, she's French, and no mistake, and, parbleu! it seems she was nearly assassinated whilst defending her young mistress from the brutality of some ruffian or other."

"Diable! the mystery increases," muttered Captain Nodin, "was she stabbed."

"Pardie, yes, two as pretty slashes of a long knife as you could wish to see; one in the shoulders and another in the neck, and had she delayed seeking assistance her case would have ended badly."

"Well," returned the commander of the Camille, "it's no use conjecturing. To-morrow, doubtless, I shall hear the true state of the case."

During the night the wind increased and thick hazy weather ensued. Before morning the Camille was several leagues off the French coast. As the sun made its appearance the mists rose gradually, and finally disappeared, when suddenly the man on the look-out hailed the deck—"A ship coming up dead before the wind." As soon as the frigate had tacked, and sheets and tacks been hauled in, and all made snug and ship-shape, the second lieutenant, whose watch it was, took his glass and fixed it upon the strange ship, which was about six miles distant, but under top-sails and top-gallant-sails, was rapidly approaching them. Whilst the officer was scanning the stranger a young midshipman joined the lieutenant, and modestly enquired if he could make out what she was.

"Well," said the lieutenant, "it's rather

too hazy to get a clear view, but it strikes me that it is either a small frigate or a corvette, a vessel-of-war I am satisfied, but whether English or French I cannot say yet; she's driving through the seas, at all events, without much heed to the safety of her masts."

"If she's English," said the young mid, rubbing his hands in glee, "she's coming into the lion's mouth with a vengeance. We are twice her size."

"Aye, aye, boy, if she's English she will catch a Tartar."

About this time Captain Nodin, who was an early riser, came upon deck. In a moment his glance rested upon the now plainly to be seen stranger.

"Lend me your glass, Monsieur Godard. That ship is rapidly coming up with us; does she fly any bunting."

"No, monsieur," said the lieutenant, "but I think she's a corvette, and if so she must be French, for an enemy would scarcely be so fool-

hardy as to run within shot of an antagonist able to sink her."

Captain Nodin took a steady look at her. "By Jove! her hull is French, but her yards and canvas do not seem to belong to our dock yards. She's a twenty gun ship—and, if English, she is running blindfold to destruction.—Run up our colours."

Just as the tri-colour blew out stiffly in the strong breeze, the stranger brailed her courses, cleared up her top-gallant-sails, and having braced sharp up her yards, went in stays, and then payed off on the other tack in beautiful style; at the same moment up went the old bunting, proving her to be a British corvette.

"Beat to quarters, Monsieur Godard. By St. Peter they have found, out their mistake," said Captain Nodin, "but too late."

The French frigate was then kept away a point or so; for at this time the ships were more than a mile asunder. The corvette let fall his courses, hoisted and sheeted home

the top-gallant-sails, and then those on board the Camille could see as she breasted the crested seas and threw sheets of spray from her bows, that she was evidently a vessel of great speed.

"Ha!" said Captain Nodin, "she is trying our speed."

The Camille's top-gallant-sails were set, all the reefs shook out, and one of the bow guns fired; but the English corvette, to the intense surprise and vexation of Captain Nodin, was leaving them rapidly. Suddenly, to the amazement of all on the deck of the Camille, the corvette brailed up her canvas and mainsail, without altering her course, permitting the Camille to come slowly up with her. All in the French frigate stood ready and eager to deliver their broadside, which they considered would at once settle the stranger, and punish him for his temerity. At that moment the corvette hove up in the wind, a wreath of smoke curled out from her side,

and a twenty-four pound shot struck the fore yard of the Camille, splintering it severely, whilst a sudden and violent squall striking her at the same moment, the yard snapped in two, splitting the fore-topsail up the centre. This unlucky shot for the Camille, threw the French frigate into irons, as she shot up into the wind, and delivered a most defective broadside. The corvette went in stays, crossed the Camille's bows, delivering her broadside with great effect, cutting up the running rigging, and wounding several of the men.

Captain Nodin was disgusted and his officers enraged; but skilfully handled by an active crew, the wreck was cleared away and a new sail and yard hoisted. The frigate going before the wind whilst this was doing, the corvette, by her superior sailing, kept out of range, to repair some trifling damage to her rigging. Captain Nodin and his officers were most eager to punish, as

they considered her, their foolhardy antagonist, who seemed nothing loath to renew the unequal strife.

We may here inform our readers that the corvette was that once named Berceau, which our readers may remember was taken by Lieutenant Chamberlain. She was now called the Defiance, and was under the command of her former captor. The Defiance had left Plymouth with despatches for Lord Bridport, who was then off Brest; and with a rattling breeze in her favour, was making a rapid passage.

Before she became a prize the Berceau was considered a remarkably fast vessel, but under masted and sailed; with new masts, square yards, and a greater spread of canvas, she surprised her captain and crew by her stability and speed.

When our hero first perceived the French ship, which he very quickly made out to be a thirty-two gun frigate, he could easily have altered his course and avoided her altogether,

but satisfied with the extraordinary speed of the Defiance, he could not resist the desire of having a nearer view of her; for although only a twenty-gun ship he had heavier metal in fact than the Camille. A very short trial showed him that the Camille, in the stiff breeze then blowing, had no chance with him; he therefore, to the delight of his crew, and his gallant friend, Charles Spencer, his guest, resolved to exchange a few shots trusting to do some mischief with his two long twenty-four pounders. The first shot proved, as we have related, most fortunate one; but before we continue this extraordinary contest between a twenty gun corvette and a thirty-two gun frigate, we must make our readers, *au fait*, to what occurred on board the Defiance after leaving Plymouth.

On reaching Plymouth, after leaving London to take the command of the Defiance, the young officers first care was to ship all the old hands who had fought so gallantly in the Belle Poule, to their great gratifi-

cation. They were to receive a considerable sum as their share of the prizes they had taken, and they hoped to do better still; but their chief reason for rejoicing was that they admired and loved to serve under our hero's command. Lieutenant Charles Spencer never troubled his head at having missed his own ship; the fault was not his, and he revelled in the thought of a cruise with his fast and firm friend, who, of course, for the time he should command the Defiance, was entitled to be called captain.

He anticipated a jolly cruise over to Brest, during which he felt pretty sure, under so enterprising a commander as his friend, that a brush with an enemy's ship was sure to take place, and then a cruise through the Mediterranean, so that at least a couple of months would pass before he could rejoin his own ship.

The day after leaving Plymouth, our hero recollected the packet given him by his pretty cousin Flora, to be opened only when

clear of the land. There was scarcely a breath of wind that morning, and having an hour or two to himself, he retired to his private cabin, unlocked his desk, and took out the carefully sealed packet. On breaking the seals and opening it, he found it contained a long letter of several pages, and another enclosure carefully packed. This latter turned out to be a very beautifully painted miniature of his lovely cousin. On the back of the picture, which contained an exquisitely braided lock of hair, was neatly written in threads of gold — "Flora to Charles ——."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the captain of the Defiance, "I'll stake my ship against a billy-boy, that I have found out Charley Spencer's incognito."

"Eh! what's that you say, Gusty—my incognito?" said Lieutenant Spencer, thrusting his head in at the door he had just that moment opened when our hero had spoken aloud in the surprise of the moment. Before the

person addressed could reply, Spencer's eyes rested upon the miniature, lying exposed upon the table. For an instant he turned extremely pale, then flushed to his very temples.

"How is this?" he exclaimed, his fingers trembling as he took the miniature in his hand. "You possessed of this!—Am I in a dream?"

"Look at the other side, you dreamer. Ah! love is said to be blind—and, by Jove! I begin to think ——"

He was stopped in his speech; for Lieutenant Spencer turning the portrait, read the words—"Flora to Charles"—the same instant he kissed the pretty face a dozen times, broke into the most rapturous expressions of delight, and then thrust the portrait into his breast.

"Hillo!" exclaimed our hero, "what the deuce do you mean?—you are not the only Charles in the world, I fancy; why you are taking a miniature intended for Captain Charles Brentford."

"Tell that to the marines, my lad," exclaimed the delighted lieutenant. "Possession is nine points in the law, and I wish to Heaven I had as good a hold of the original. Now, old boy, unravel the mystery. I see you have a letter there as long as a clew line. Come, Augustus, tell, for I am bursting with curiosity. How did you get this miniature, and who's Flora? Not that I care a straw about her name, it is her position in the world that troubles me—for I have long suspected that she stands a peg too high for poor Charley Spencer to reach—who has only his good right arm to carve his way to dame Fortune's favours."

"And a good and gallant heart belongs to that same right hand," said our hero, warmly, "and if the brave deserve the fair, you will win your lady love yet; and I think I shall be able to give you a lift towards the accomplishment of your wishes."

"Thanks, dear old friend," said Lieutenant Spencer, pressing his companion's hand, and

seating himself beside him. "Now for the disclosure, Augustus, which I dread."

"Well," said the commander of the Defiance, with a smile. "In the first place, your pretty Flora is the niece of an earl, and also the niece of the First Lord of the Admiralty."

With a prolonged exclamation, Charley Spencer leaned back in his chair, gazing with a woeful expression of countenance into his friend's face.

"By the Lord Harry!" he exclaimed. "I expected something of the sort. Confound it, I would rather her name was Smith, or ——'

"By Jupiter, you have just hit it, Charley," returned our hero, laughing, "her name is Smith, and she is my first cousin. Now, do you begin to see to windward, eh?"

"Faith, the mist lifts a bit, Augustus; so that dear angel is a cousin of yours. Come, by Jove, that's a spoke of the wheel on my side."

"Well, that's enough for the present; so

just go up on deck, and keep a sharp look out. I want to read my pretty cousin's letter, and then I shall be better able to say how the wind blows."

"You're a trump, Gusty. You are, by Jove! and the best friend a man ever had."

"Never mind being my trumpeter just now, Charley; we must fight some fifty-gun ship and be made commanders; that will lift you a peg, provided—"

"Oh, yes," laughed the lieutenant, "*provided* the fifty-gun ship does not *provide* me with a pair of wooden legs to go courting on."

After Lieutenant Spencer left, our hero took up his cousin Flora's letter. He felt considerable curiosity concerning the meeting and love-making of his pretty cousin and his gallant friend Spencer.

"My Dear Cousin,

"You will no doubt be greatly surprised at the contents of this letter, and

also to hear that he to whom I have plighted my troth is your old and true friend, Charles Spencer. Strange to say, I did not know this till two days before your intended departure for Plymouth, and then I had neither time nor opportunity to speak to you on the subject.

"As you can have nothing better to do at sea, you may consider yourself greatly indebted to me for the following narrative to while away your time, and if at any time you feel inclined to write a novel, it may serve you as a groundwork for your plot.

"I am going back, heigho! to the dear old age of seventeen, the age when the *couleur de rose* tinges all bright objects in a young girl's eyes. I was just seventeen, then, when the strange and unnatural confinement and seclusion in which I was reared began to injure my spirits and threatened to affect my health. I was kept in this seclusion in order to prevent my forming any attachment derogatory to the rank and station of the

proud Linwood family. My spirits, naturally high, were suddenly depressed. I became melancholy, refused to take exercise, and looked as pale and almost as unsubstantial as a ghost. I resided with my aunt in an old and immense mansion of the Linwood family, in Herefordshire. The house was rendered fearfully gloomy by the deep shade thrown over every part of it by a triple row of gigantic oaks surrounding it on three sides; and the old-fashioned garden, with its immense high laurel hedges and numerous trees, scarcely allowed a breath of air to fan your cheek, still less permit your eyes to roam beyond the precincts. You know my worthy aunt, so I need not describe her. An old and extremely sanctified housekeeper, and four middle-aged spinsters formed our domestic establishment. An aged coachman and two pensioners of my uncle, the Admiral, each of them with a wooden leg, formed our male department. If I except the gate-keeper, also a pensioner, with one arm, and

his wife, who was as deaf as a post, such was the entire establishment of Linwood Manor, which was situated in a deep hollow, four miles from any town or village, and not a single resident family within double that distance.

"Ah! my dear cousin, with the most ardent imagination there was no fear of my falling in love with anyone I was likely to see coming near this dreary abode. I had four governesses, all of a certain age, one after the other. They gave in their resignations; they could not stand the solitude of Linwood Manor. I had a music master twice a week, from Hereford. He was a good teacher, but he was fifty. Nevertheless, I profited by his instruction; but at last, at seventeen, I was dead beat. I was going into a decline, I declared, which nearly frightened the life out of my aunt; who I perceived was extremely anxious I should retain my beauty, if I had any. When I beheld her anxiety I resolved to get worse,

and I managed it very well. I horrified the old housekeeper by pretending to walk in my sleep; and coming to her room one moonlight night, she took me for the ghost of the last Linwood, who had died in the old mansion at the age of ninety-six; this was no compliment. I contrived to get hold of the wooden legs of the two old pensioners, and burned off two or three inches, so that they stumped about in a strange manner, until they got new ones.

"All this and many other things I was supposed to do in my sleep; and my aunt was afraid to lock my door, for fear I should go out of the window. At last I gained my object. She came into my room one morning, when I was sitting moping like a sick owl. She sat down, and looking at me with a very anxious look, said 'My dear child, you are looking wretchedly ill.' I sighed heavily, and shook my head. 'Don't make yourself miserable, Flora,' continued my aunt coaxingly. 'You want change of air and scene.'

"'Too late,' I groaned, 'I am worn almost to a skeleton.'

"'Oh, do not say that, dear. The sea air and a little rational recreation will do wonders,' persisted my aunt, and at length I consented to try what a few months would do—on the understanding that there was to be no restraint upon me.

"'Well, my dear child,' said my aunt, seriously, 'you are now seventeen, and very beautiful.'

"'Hem!' said I, trying to get a look into the large mirror, and devotedly hoping some one of the opposite sex would think so, to whom I would give my heart, if he deserved it.

"'Well, aunt,' said I, 'Where am I to go, and who is to have the care of me?'

"'I will tell you, Flora, for I have planned and settled the whole affair. Owing to several circumstances, which I need not tell you, I cannot go with you myself.'

"'The saints be praised,' said I to myself.

"'There is living in a beautiful cottage near Torquay an old and attached domestic of mine. She married a butler of Lord Linwood's; they had saved a good deal of money, and purchased this cottage, I call it a cottage, but it's a very extensive villa, and is very handsomely furnished. In the winter season they let this villa for a large amount; but in the middle of summer it is vacant, and will be so till the first of November. From the first of November to the first of May, it is let to Lord Camelford and family, and for these six months Mrs. Brooks gets two hundred and thirty guineas. So you may imagine the villa is a handsome residence. Indeed the houses in Torquay are all very handsome, and let for large sums. I have written to Mrs. Brooks, who will be delighted to receive you as a resident for a few months—her niece is with her, a very nice, well-educated person, the daughter of a clergyman, and only a year or two older than yourself. She will be a companion for you, and, singular enough, her

name is Smith—Elinor Smith. So now, Flora, do not you think you will be highly pleased with your visit to Torquay; the country is lovely—sands, rocks, a beautiful calm sea, and most romantic rides and drives.'

"I threw my arms round my aunt's neck, and kissed her. I was in raptures; oh, to think of being four whole months away from my dear formal old aunt, and the gloomy restraint of Linwood Manor—it was enchanting. It brought the blood back to my cheeks, and my eyes sparkled with delighted anticipation.

"'Ah!' said my aunt, 'the very idea revives you. But listen to me, Flora,' and the old lady looked very serious. 'You must give me your sacred word and honour that you will let yourself be considered Mrs. Brooks's niece, and sister to Elinor Smith.'

"To all this I eagerly consented, and to Torquay I went. I was installed in the beautiful villa of Mrs. Brooks, and soon

became very pleased with my supposed sister, Elinor Smith.

"In a month I was as plump as a partridge, and as unaristocratically rosy as ever. One beautiful day, Elinor and I arranged an excursion to Babbicombe, that most romantic spot within a few miles of Torquay. It was such a lovely day that we agreed, after a delightful excursion, to return to Torquay by water. Mrs. Brooks was with us, and a nephew of hers, a quiet, well-conducted youth, but exceedingly vain of his yachting skill, having, he said, seen and been in many sailing matches. There are always plenty of pretty sailing boats for hire on the beach at Babbicombe. So we were soon afloat, and Master Tom at the tiller. There was a nice breeze in the cool of the evening, and the boat ran along so nicely under its lug and mizen, that we were quite delighted.

"'Take care, sir,' said one of the men belonging to the boat, 'in rounding the lofty headland that shuts in Babbicombe Cove; sharp

squalls come over the heights there, even in summer weather.'

"'Oh!" said Master Tom. 'I'm up to those things, my man; don't fear me.'

"I was watching a large revenue cutter that, under a cloud of snow-white canvas, was standing in for the head, and close to us, when a heavy squall struck the water just a few yards from us, causing it to rise like a puff of smoke. 'Luff, sir, luff!' said the man in the bows, whilst the other slackened the fore-sheet; but Master Tom got confused and probably frightened—for, instead of luffing, he put the helm up, and the next instant over we went.

"Oh! the horrible sensation of going down, down and then choking, with your eyes flashing, and your brain in a whirl; nevertheless, I did not lose my senses, for when I came to the surface I heard a voice say, 'Do not be afraid, and do not catch hold of me.' The next instant I felt myself assisted by a powerful arm; and shortly after lifted

into a boat. In fine, we were all picked up by a boat from the revenue cutter, and my preserver was Charles Spencer, lieutenant in the royal navy. We were taken back to Torquay; and the next day none of us felt very much the worse for the immersion we had received, except Master Tom, who looked very sheepish and very shy about boats and yachts during the three days he remained on his visit. Of course Lieutenant Spencer called the next day to know how we all were, and thus commenced our acquaintance.

"But, my dear cousin, I perceive my letter is growing into a volume; for further particulars, I refer you to your friend. At the expiration of five months I returned to Linwood Manor, Charles Spencer and I having solemnly plighted our troth. I must tell you he has never known me by any other name than Flora. He very cunningly perceived that I was no relation of the Smiths, and laughed at the idea of my name being Smith; and I laughed at the idea of his mistake. After we

parted we corresponded as long as he remained in England he directing his letters to the care of Mrs. Brooks's niece, who cleverly managed the correspondence for us.

"In the winter, I accompanied my aunt to London. During our stay at Lord Linwood's mansion I frequently met the Honourable Lieutenant Forester—he paid me much more attention than I wished; and one morning, to my intense indignation, my aunt told me that the Honourable Lieutenant Forester had done me the honour to propose for me, and, as he was next heir to the title and wealth of a nobleman in his seventy-eighth year, the match would be a very good one for me. I by no means thought so. I had nothing to say against Lieutenant Forester; he was a very gentlemanly man, and, no doubt, by any young lady with a disengaged heart would be thought very agreeable, and a most excellent match. I was told quite coolly by Lord Linwood that I must consider myself engaged to the Honourable Lieutenant Forester; for

he had accepted his proposal for my hand. To appeal to his lordship would be madness; I therefore resolved to confide in the gallant lieutenant, when he suddenly departed to join his ship, merely bidding me a hasty adieu in the presence of my guardian and aunt. I have much more to say, but find my time has expired, and that my only chance of getting this into your hands is to finish it at once. God bless you both, and protect you from the perils you will be exposed to; and that you may both return to your country in health, and with fresh laurels to compensate for past perils, will be the constant prayer of

"Your affectionate Cousin,

"Flora Smith."

Having finished perusing this explanatory letter, our hero remained several minutes immersed in thought. "True love ever meets difficulties," soliloquised the commander of the Defiance. "I am, alas! myself uncertain of the fate of my own Annie.

So to a certain extent, Charley, we row in the same boat. I will stand your friend; but as to getting Lord Linwood's consent to the union, why, that's out of the question—a runaway match it must be. Pretty Flora shall not want a fortune if I am spared. So away with conjectures and doubt. Whilst there's life there's hope—the sheet anchor of a sailor's life;" and, locking up his papers, our hero ascended to the deck.

CHAPTER VIII.

Having reached the fleet, and delivered his despatches to Lord Bridport, who very kindly and sincerely congratulated him on his bright prospects, our hero again set sail with fresh despatches for Lord Nelson, and on his way it was that he encountered the Camille, thirty-two gun frigate.

We now return to the contest between those ill-matched antagonists, as far as size went. The Camille, though a fine ship, was one of the old class of twelve-pounder frigates. After her cruise was over it was intended to arm her with eighteen-pounders. Be that as it may, when she encountered the Defiance she had only twelve-pounders.

The Defiance was a large corvette, and though she only carried eighteen guns in all, twelve of them were eighteen-pounders, and the rest twenty-four pound carronades. She was very heavily armed, but having fine beam, and being quite a new ship, the experiment of her heavy armament was put to the test, and in this contest with the French frigate the experiment was likely to be well tried.

Little did the commander of the Defiance imagine that in the cabin of the Camille was one so dear to him; much as he gloried in almost impossible exploits, and anxious as he was to achieve glory, not a shot would he have fired into the Camille had he known that Annie Mortimer was a guest on board. His ship being a corvette, he had, if he wished it, every reasonable excuse for avoiding the frigate.

We have said that his first shot, by a very fortunate hit, put the enemy, for a short time, into some confusion. But Captain Nodin,

smarting under the insult of being attacked by so apparently insignificant an antagonist, quickly repaired the damage, and prepared to inflict a terrible punishment on his daring enemy. Aware that the corvette could out-sail him, and knowing she carried some heavy guns, the Defiance might have manœuvred so as to fight him at a distance, where his twelve-pounders could do little injury, and where the heavy guns of the Defiance would have cut up his rigging and sails, and left him almost defenceless.

The Defiance having shortened sail, the action commenced, and aided by her superior sailing and heavy guns, after a furious fight of one hour and fifteen minutes, the English corvette had fearfully cut up the rigging and masts of the Camille, besides riddling her hull. The second lieutenant, three midshipmen, and ten men were killed, and thirty-seven more or less wounded. Captain Nodin himself had his left arm broken by a splinter.

On board the Defiance considerable damage

was also inflicted during the fierce action. Her sails and rigging were badly cut up; which retarded her in working, and diminished her speed. As yet, owing to the guns of the Camille being aimed too high, our hero had lost but five men and one middy, with nine men wounded. He had received two flesh wounds himself, and Lieutenant Spencer a splinter wound; Mr. Hawkins was not touched, though he had been most active during the heat of the action.

About this time the strong breeze had increased to half a gale. and the appearance of the weather, as night approached, was most threatening: a wild stormy sky, with the sea rapidly increasing.

After a hour and a half of continued cannonading, both ships seemed to require time for repairing damages. The Camille was put before the wind, whilst the Defiance did the same, both crews knotting and splicing the running rigging, strengthening the splintered

spars, and clearing the decks for a renewal of the fight.

"By Jove! Augustus," said Charles Spencer, coming upon deck, after having his hand dressed, "this has been sharp work. What next? The Frenchman is keeping a respectful distance; he is awfully cut up in spars and rigging."

"Yes," returned the commander of the corvette, "considerably more than we are. If we can force him to put upon a wind his masts must go. Depend on it, this breeze will be a storm in a few hours; those dark huge masses of clouds coming up from the south-west betoken mischief."

At this time the French frigate was about half a mile distant, when a tremendous squall was seen striking the water nearly ahead of her, the gale suddenly shifting into the westward, before the Camille could brace round her yards, the rigging having been shot away, and not yet replaced, she was taken aback;

her foremast, being badly injured, gave way and fell with a tremendous crash, wounding several of the crew, and smashing all the boats to splinters. Our hero had prepared for the squall, for his yards were in working order, and though she was nearly buried by the force of the squall, which was of terrific violence, she righted without any loss save that of the foresail, which was blown clean out of the bolt ropes.

"She's ours now, Charley," cried Augustus Chamberlain, as he let his glass rest upon the French frigate, "in this hurricane she cannot even get up a jury mast, and we have her at our mercy. She has again got before the gale. We will follow, and see if she is inclined to renew the contest."

Orders were given to follow the French frigate, and not a shot was fired till they ranged up abreast, within pistol shot. Still the Frenchman had not the slightest idea of surrendering, but opened a brisk fire of musketry from a large body of marines on board,

whilst the crew were busy clearing their deck of the mass of rigging, spars and masts that terribly encumbered her decks. The sailors of the corvette gave three hearty cheers, and then opened fire from her eighteen-pounders, but so heavy was the sea that her broadsides did but little mischief.

But a fresh misfortune happened to the Camille, just as night set in. Her main-mast, badly injured and much weakened by the loss of her main stay, went by the board, and fell over the side. Just at the same time the mizen-mast of the Defiance went over. Still the Camille continued to fire her broadside guns into her opponent.

It was fast deepening into the dark shades of an intensely gloomy night when a twelve-pound ball from the Camille struck the companion hatch. Our hero, Lieutenant Spencer, and Mr. Hawkins were standing close together conversing, and all were instantly struck down. The commander of the corvette and Mr. Hawkins almost immediately

recovered their feet, being merely a little stunned, but Lieutenant Spencer lay senseless.

They raised him in their arms, and carried him below to the cabin; the surgeon was instantly in attendance, our hero watching with intense anxiety whilst the surgeon used restoratives, and then examined the wound in the head.

"All right, sir," said the surgeon, after a careful survey, "it's a hard knock, but by no means a mortal wound."

"Thank God!" exclaimed our hero, and hurried upon deck.

It was so intensely dark that no one could make out where the Camille was, but all knew she must of necessity be going before the gale. With her two close reefed top-sails lowered upon deck, and a storm stay-sail set, the Defiance also was put before the wind; the wreck of the mizen-mast was cleared away, retaining, however, the spar, it having given way close with the deck. Giving orders to keep a careful look-out for the

enemy, and the gale still increasing, the captain of the Defiance went below to see how his friend Spencer was, and to seek some refreshment for himself and officers, leaving only the watch on deck for the time, and his friend Hawkins as officer of the watch.

Lieutenant Spencer lay on one of the sofas, propped up by cushions, his head envelope l in bandages; but he had recovered from the stupefaction caused by the blow. He held out his hand, saying in a cheerful tone, "you see, Gusty, my lad, I am worth two dead men yet. It was too close a shave to be pleasant, however. But, thank God, barring a small piece of my scalp, I'm all right. Where's the Frenchman?"

Pressing his friend's hand with a pleased smile, our hero replied, "He may be within hail for all we know, for it's a night of Egyptian darkness. I am rejoiced, Charley, at your escape; for, by Jove, we had all three a narrow miss of it from that shot."

"He's a confounded, obstinate fellow, that

skipper commanding the French frigate," remarked Lieutenant Spencer. "I could forgive him taking a piece of my scalp, but this is too bad," and he held up the smashed portrait of his pretty Flora. "A splinter did this, confound it! ripping up the entire breast of my coat."

"Come, you cannot complain," said our hero, with a smile. "You have the face untouched, and that's something; better your coat ripped than your chest. Now, Mr. Jones, I want a bit of your skill," turning to the young but skilful Welshman who acted as surgeon on board the Defiance, and slipping off his coat, and baring his arm, the speaker showed a very ugly-looking gash, and a splinter more than an inch long still sticking in the wound.

"Ha!" said Mr. Jones, "that was near doing mischief. Half an inch—"

"Never mind the half inch, Mr. Jones," interrupted the captain, laughing. "Pull this out, wash the cut, and stick a bit of

plaster on, and then I shall be ready for supper."

Whilst the surgeon is dressing our hero's wound, and the whole crew of the Defiance are seeking refreshment, after so many hours' fierce contest, and the wounded are carefully attended to, we will just step into the cabin of the Camille, and enquire how our poor young heroine bore the tremendous hammering her lover was unnecessarily inflicting upon the few pieces of wood that contained all that was dear to him in this world.

In the French ship all was at sixes and sevens. With only her mizen-mast standing, her bulwarks and boats all smashed and shattered to pieces, her hull riddled, and her crew one-third killed, wounded, and disabled, whilst, to add to their misfortunes, the Camille made water so fast that gangs had to relieve each other to keep her afloat. Now, the Camille was a fine frigate, Captain Nodin and his officers good and gallant men, but his crew were nearly all new to the sea, and,

though brave and willing, they had been but indifferently trained previous to sailing on this disastrous cruise.

Captain Nodin, with his broken arm in a sling, remained on deck, in a state of most intense anxiety and vexation. One of the rules of the new republic of France respecting ships of war was that any captain of a ship surrendering to an enemy's ship of inferior size, should be tried, and if such fact was proved, condemned to death. But Captain Nodin thought not at all about this stern justice. It was the exceeding vexation and disgust he felt at being so crippled by a vessel of such inferior size.

To surrender to the Defiance, Capt. Nodin had not the remotest intention, therefore the only plan feasible, as he thought, in his disabled condition, was to keep running before the wind till he could restore his ship to a somewhat better fighting condition. He knew that there were two obstacles to his being taken by boarding. First, the tremendous

sea running would shatter the corvette to pieces, if she ran alongside; the second, his complement of men and marines were double the numbers of the enemy. He also fully expected, with the coming daylight, to fall in with some of his own cruisers, out of French ports between Isle Dieu and Brest. When the contest became so hot between the two ships, Captain Nodin sent Lieutenant Pusaye to his fair guest, Miss Mortimer, begging that she would permit herself to be conducted into a part of the ship less liable to be entered by shot from the enemy's ship. Accordingly the lieutenant proceeded to the cabin, where he found Miss Mortimer seated on one of the sofas, with her attendant, Louise, looking considerably frightened by the uproar of the guns and the uneasy motion of the frigate in the cross seas.

The lieutenant delivered Captain Nodin's message; but Annie had a brave heart, and she by no means admired being shut up in some close and dismal hole in the centre of

the ship. She thanked Lieut. Pusaye, and begged him to return his commander her sincere gratitude and thanks for his solicitude and kindness, but she was not at all afraid to remain where she was.

"But pray, monsieur," she questioned, "what ship are you at present engaged with? Is it not blowing a heavy gale of wind?"

"Yes, mademoiselle, it is blowing very heavily; but that does not prevent our very persevering antagonist from continuing the contest. She is a small vessel, in comparison to ours, though more heavily armed. The ship we are now engaging belonged once to the French marine, but was taken and converted into an English corvette, and I think, mademoiselle," and he looked keenly into our heroine's pale but interesting features, "the commander of this daring corvette is an old acquaintance of ours."

The colour came rapidly into Annie Mortimer's cheeks as Lieutenant Pusaye said those words, and her heart beat quicker.

"Surely, Lieutenant Pusaye, you cannot mean Lieutenant Chamberlain?"

"The very same, mademoiselle," returned the lieutenant, with a smile; "but I feel confident, mademoiselle, he is not aware that his desperate efforts to sink and destroy us would be the annihilation of his own future happiness."

As the lieutenant spoke, a thundering crash followed a terrible broadside poured into the Camille. Lieutenant Pusaye started, turned round, and rushed eagerly up the companion stairs. The crash was the fall of the mainmast of the Camille, which shook the strong ship to her very kelson. Annie remained bewildered and confused; even the crash of the mast failed to impart a particle of fear into her mind. That her lover was actually engaging the Camille—was the only thought that filled her mind.

If our heroine felt no fear, such was not the case with Louise Papin, who was horrified by the din of the cannon, and almost beside

herself at the crash made by the falling mast. But a much more confounding event followed. A shot from the broadside of the Defiance knocked to atoms the skylight of the Camille's cabin, smashing its defences, and filling the cabin itself with a wreck of splinters and glass.

"Eh, Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Louise, falling on her knees, and clasping her hands, "we shall be sunk or killed by that horrible ship we are fighting. Let us go, mademoiselle, into some safer place."

"It would be all the same, Louise," returned Annie, calmly. "If we are to be sunk a change of place will not save us; but let us get into our berths, and leave our fate in the hands of God—we are perfectly powerless."

Annie, full of thought and anxiety about her lover, with some difficulty made her way across the cabin into her berth, leaving the steward and two assistants to clear away the débris dashed into the cabin by so uncere-

monious a messenger. Just as they reached their berths, and had secured the doors, the Camille began to roll and pitch tremendously; but the firing suddenly ceased, and then it was that the fury of the gale could be distinctly heard—its roar was like the loudest thunder, as it swept over the dismasted frigate; but having been got before the gale, our heroine and her attendant experienced some relief from the terrible rolling caused by being broadside to the breaking seas.

The gale, in its fury, seemed to mock man's puny effort to withstand its rage—it exulted in a might and power that defied human skill. Presently succeeded—the horrid sound to the landsman—the working of the chain pumps.

Captain Nodin and his officers, when they found that the ship leaked excessively from some unknown hole, evidently a very serious one, did all in their power to encourage the men, whose spirits began to droop when they perceived it would require their utmost and unceasing efforts to keep the ship afloat.

Every quarter of an hour the carpenter reported the result of the pumping; all knew that there was not a boat capable of being of use. The carpenter's private report to the captain was most disheartening—the leaks gained upon them. It would be daylight in an hour and a half.

Lieutenant Pusaye was standing by his commander when he received the carpenter's last report—that they could not discover the leak, and that the water gained rapidly upon them.

"We cannot keep her afloat, monsieur," said Lieutenant Pusaye, "beyond a few hours."

"Then there is nothing for it but to go down, with the banner of regenerated France flying, till it disappears beneath the wave. The enemy's ship is not to be seen; still, I am certain, she will be discovered not far from us when the day breaks."

"I regret to say," said Lieutenant Pusaye, in a low voice, "that the men have an intention of surrendering the ship to our enemy

if they do not perceive some chance of rescue when day breaks."

"Then they must take my life first," said the commander. "I will never allow the flag of the republic to be hauled down by a set of cowardly mutineers, who disgrace the name of Frenchmen."

"We must," said Lieutenant Pusaye, "try and prevent that, monsieur. All the officers and marines will stand by, and obey your commands. But I was thinking," continued the lieutenant, hesitating a little, "that it would be an act of humanity to show a flag of truce should the enemy come up, and let the poor maiden we have on board, and whose lover commands the corvette —"

"Eh, Mon Dieu! in my troubles," said Captain Nodin, interrupting his lieutenant, "I forgot my gentle and unfortunate guest. You are right, Pusaye—let us put her and her attendant on board the corvette, if her commander will venture to put out boats in this tremendous sea."

"I think the gale shows signs of breaking, as morning approaches. Only let Captain Chamberlain know that Miss Mortimer is here, and depend on it he will rescue her himself, let the risk be ever so perilous."

"Then you still persist in thinking that Lieutenant Chamberlain commands the corvette?" asked Captain Nodin.

"I am quite certain of it, monsieur," returned the lieutenant. "The last time he hailed us to surrender I recognised him distinctly, even without the aid of my glass."

Presently a dull grey light dawned in the east, and to all on board it was apparent that the gale was lulling. Soon the light crept over the agitated and broken waters; and still the din of the chain pumps was heard, and the rush of the expelled water over the side. All gazed anxiously over the troubled deep, and then arose the hum of the men's voices, as their eyes rested upon the corvette, about two miles ahead, under close-reefed top-sails. She was lying to; but the next moment her

topsails were braced round, and the corvette, evidently bent on mischief, bore down upon them.

When within hailing distance, the commander, perceiving the condition of the French frigate, and the gangs of men relieving each other at the pumps, surmised at once that it was probable that the Camille would go down. Hailing, he stated that if they would surrender, they should have every assistance, and the utmost endeavours would be made to save the men. So rapidly was the gale going down, though there was no remarkable change in the leaden coloured clouds which hung like a pall over the heaving sea, that our hero conjectured that the storm lulled only to break out in another point of the compass.

Lieutenant Pusaye was desired by Captain Nodin to say that they would not surrender.

As this was shouted in French through a speaking trumpet, the crew of the French

frigate uttered a shout of defiance, saying to Captain Nodin and his officers, that they were determined to surrender, to save their lives, as it was impossible they could fight the ship in the state she was in.

The officers and marines of the frigate were drawn up on the quarter-deck, and stood to their arms, prepared to fire, in defence of their captain's orders, when Lieutenant Pusaye, again speaking through the trumpet, said—

"You are Captain Chamberlain?"

"Yes," shouted the commander of the Defiance.

"Then launch a boat," returned the Frenchman. "There is a young lady on board this frigate, whom Captain Nodin is anxious to save from going down in the ship with us, Miss Mortimer."

With an exclamation of horror and amazement, our hero leaped off the gun carriage, and ordered two of the boats to be instantly launched. Whilst the eager crew were getting

the boats lowered, the gale fell to a mere breeze, and the rain began to fall steadily and heavily.

"The frigate has sprung a terrible leak, sir," said Mr. Hawkins, addressing his commander.

"Good heavens! I fear so," returned our hero. "Ha! the boats are overboard. Take charge of one, Mr. Hawkins, I will take the other. Now the gale has ceased the Frenchman rolls frightfully; see, there are two females on deck," and with a spring, and grasping a rope, he leaped into the cutter, and gave way instantly for the frigate.

There was a tremendous sea running, although the gale had lulled, and it required great skill and cool courage to face the breaking seas in the boats. As they approached the French frigate, she rolled till nearly her bulwarks were under; and our hero perceived a great rent stove in in the frigate's side, through which the water was entering in a vast volume. No doubt this rent had been

made by the mainmast forced against the side by the violent commotion of the water.

The men on the deck of the Camille were suddenly awed by the determination of Captain Nodin and his officers, and the steadiness of the marines, for the pumps were still kept going, although the frigate was evidently settling deep into the water.

To get alongside, the ship rolling so fearfully, from the body of water in her, was a dangerous business, but to take the females into the cutter was even more difficult and dangerous.

Our hero thought if an old sail filled with oakum was thrown into the cutter, they could contrive to jam it in the hole through which the sea made its way into the ship. He deemed it a shame to suffer even his bitterest enemy to perish thus, let alone a set of brave men defending their flag.

On approaching the side of the frigate, he perceived the commander and several of his

officers assembled on the quarter-deck, anxiously regarding his approach.

Standing up in the boat, our hero raised his hat, as Captain Nodin came forward and saluted him.

"I fear, Monsieur Chamberlain," said Captain Nodin, "that an unknown leak is sinking us, and it is my wish to save Mademoiselle Mortimer and her attendant from sharing our fate. But I beg you to understand we do not surrender."

"You are acting, monsieur, nobly and generously," returned Captain Chamberlain, "and I grieve to see a brave enemy in such peril, but I think it quite possible to stop your principal leak, which is below the water mark, and just under the fore shrouds. If you will throw into the boat a light sail, filled with oakum, we will thrust it into the hole, no doubt made by your main-mast, and your carpenter can then try and get at it."

"Eh, Mon Dieu! you are a gallant enemy,

Monsieur Chamberlain. I would not see my men perish if I could help it," said Captain Nodin; "but to surrender, according to our code of law, is impossible."

A loud cheer arose from the eager listeners, crowding the side of the frigate. Hope again had place in the hearts of the before dispirited crew, and with fresh vigour they attacked the pumps, whilst a prepared sail was in an incredibly short space of time ready and thrown into the cutter.

The jolly-boat, with six hands, and Mr. Hawkins steering, now joined. By carefully watching the roll of the ship, after several ineffectual attempts, Mr. Hawkins and crew, following our hero's directions, at last jammed the sail into the wide rent, where after some persevering efforts, it appeared firmly embedded. The carpenters were also at work, so that it appeared quite possible that the frigate would be saved.

Watching an opportunity, Captain Nodin having invited our hero on board, he sprang

into the mizen rigging, as the frigate rolled towards him. Immediately Captain Nodin and Lieutenant Pusaye advanced to meet him. Whilst all this was taking place, Miss Mortimer remained on deck. She could not restrain her tears when her gaze rested upon her betrothed lover, and her heart beat with intense agitation, as she gazed upon the light boat, he steered, rise and fall on the tremendous seas that threatened each moment to dash it to atoms against the frigate's side; but when he sprang on deck, fearing to betray her agitation before so many eyes, she retired with Louise to the cabin.

After greeting and saluting Captain Nodin, our hero held out his hand to Lieut. Pusaye, saying, "So, Monsieur Pusaye, we are destined to meet again."

The French officer shook his hand warmly as he answered, "It seems our fate, Monsieur Chamberlain, to meet amid disaster and trouble."

A loud and hearty shout from the crew of

the frigate attracted the attention of all on the quarter deck, and the third lieutenant came up to them, saying, "I am happy to report, monsieur, that the carpenters have got at the leak, and that the pumps are freeing the ship rapidly."

"Then, Captain Chamberlain," said Captain Nodin, "we shall, after you take mademoiselle on board your ship, resume our contest."

"No, Captain Nodin," returned our hero, with a smile, "I cannot think of doing so, even if I am censured by the admiralty for the act. You have acted generously and nobly. A combination of circumstances has enabled me to reduce your ship to its present state—we will pronounce it a drawn battle."

Captain Nodin shook his head, but immediately observed, "You must be anxious to see my fair guest, for such I considered her from the first, who will no doubt explain to your satisfaction how she came on board this

unfortunate ship. Lieut. Pusaye will conduct you to the cabin."

As the two young men proceeded along the deck, our hero said to the French lieutenant, "Was Miss Mortimer aware that I—"

"Was most assiduously and industriously bent upon sinking us these last twenty-four hours," interrupted Lieutenant Pusaye, laughing.

"It was very horrible," muttered Captain Chamberlain, "had I known she was in this ship, I fear I should have deserved the reproach of my country, and been called a traitor, for I never could have acted as I have done."

Descending the cabin stairs, Lieutenant Pusaye threw open the cabin doors, and then very discreetly retired. Almost overpowered by the emotion he felt, our hero advanced into the cabin; the next moment Annie Mortimer was folded in his arms, with a feeling of such intense devotion and love, that both for the moment were unable to utter a

word; all the dreary past, all the sufferings endured, burst with their train of sorrow and bereavement, and flashed through the brain of each, as Annie's head rested upon the breast of her lover, whilst tears of joy and regret mingled, as they rolled down her cheeks.

In the meantime, Captain Nodin and his officers kept the deck, encouraging and exciting the crew to fresh exertions; they were fast reducing the water, the clouds were breaking, and the sea gradually subsiding. The Defiance was almost within hail, and her crew anxiously watching over the bulwarks what was going on on the deck of the French frigate. They could not understand why the tri-colour still floated from the mizen peak. Surely the Camille had surrendered, or their commander would not have gone on board. Lieutenant Spencer, with his head bound up, came upon deck and joined the curious gazers.

Just then Mr. Hawkins returned to the

Defiance, and had a warp thrown him to haul on by.

"How's this, Hawkins?" demanded Lieutenant Spencer, "why don't they hand down their flag, eh?"

"The frigate has not surrendered Mr. Spencer," returned Mr. Hawkins, "our commander has gone to see the young lady, and get her into the boat and bring her to the Defiance. The frigate would have sunk in two hours only we discovered the leak."

"Not surrendered!" exclaimed the lieutenant, in an exasperated tone, "what not after knocking a hole out of my thick scull and smashing my portrait? By the Lord Harry, we'll blow him out of the water in five minutes if he sticks to that. Why, by Jove, he has not got a leg to stand on."

Whilst our hero and heroine, forgetting where they were, were mutually explaining matters, a gun from the Defiance roused them."

"Ah," exclaimed our hero, "I am for-

getting this is not my ship, get yourself ready and call your attendant, for we must lose no more time; the sea is going down, I perceive, by the motion. I will go on deck whilst you prepare for your departure."

"I will follow you in a minute," said Annie, calling Louise.

On gaining the deck, our hero perceived Captain Nodin and his officers gazing through their glasses at some object in the wind's eye—his quick sight instantly perceived the top-sails of two large vessels, coming down before a strong breeze, and steering direct for the Camille.

Captain Nodin turned round, saying, "the gun you doubtless heard, Captain Chamberlain, was fired, as a warning from your own ship. They have perceived the two ships we were just looking at."

"Have you made out, Captain Nodin," asked our hero, accepting a glass from Lieutenant Pusaye, "what they are."

"I think I am correct in saying," returned

the commander of the Camille, "that the first ship is the Immortalité, a forty-gun frigate, and the fastest ship of the class in the French navy."

Our hero shewed no emotion, but quickly looked through his glass.

After a moment he said. "She is French, decidedly; against such odds, I am not justified in contending, except under a terrible necessity. I will therefore lose no more time, and though circumstances are altered—"

"I pray you," eagerly and hastily interrupted Captain Nodin, "do not for an instant imagine that any alteration has taken place in my mind respecting our admired guest. No, no, monsieur, my anxiety arises from your own situation; having to try speed with so fast a ship as the Immortalité. Get your fair passenger and her attendant as quickly on board as possible."

Miss Mortimer and Louise just then came on deck, and our hero hailed the cutter to come carefully alongside. Pressing Captain

Nodin's hand in acknowledgment of his kind words, and taking a cordial leave of Lieutenant Pusaye, he prepared to have Annie Mortimer lowered into the boat, for the sea was still considerably agitated. Our heroine though greatly agitated, felt no fear of the waves that beat so forcibly and sullenly against the side of the Camille. She took leave of Captain Nodin and Lieutenant Pusaye, in her usual soft, gentle, fascinating manner, returning Captain Nodin her warm thanks for the kindness and courtesy she had received from him, and expressing her regret at seeing him wounded. The gallant commander of the Camille and his chief officers, with all the natural courtesy of Frenchmen, stood hat in hand, till she was lowered safely and tenderly into our hero's arms, he having preceded her; and as the cutter pulled away for the Defiance, a spontaneous cheer was given for the English captain by the French crew of the Camille, who considered he had saved all their lives by finding out the leak

and stopping it. In a few minutes they were alongside the corvette, Annie and her attendant were hoisted on deck, and at once conducted into the cabin, and then, with a pressure of the hand, her lover hurried away, for he knew that he had no time to lose.

CHAPTER IX.

On the deck of the Defiance all was bustle and activity: a gang of men were working with incredible industry to get up the mizen and shift the shattered spars and torn sails. They all could see that the large French frigate, carrying a press of canvas to overhaul them, was by far too formidable an antagonist to dream of contending with. It was a cruelly vexatious affair, the loss of the Camille as a prize—they had undoubtedly gallantly earned her, but the disappointment did not in the least discourage them.

Mr. Hawkins was bustling about encouraging the men to their tasks—the fore-top-sail

was shifted, preventive braces wove, running rigging wove, and the corvette got before the fresh breeze, with all the canvas that could be packed upon her, in a wonderfully short period of time. Lieut. Spencer was as busy, in spite of his wound, as he could be.

"Take care, Charley," said our hero, joining his friend, "that you do not over excite yourself."

"Faith, Gusty, one knock on the head is enough of the sort I had, in twenty hours, and, by Jove! that fellow coming up with us hand-over-hand looks an ugly customer."

"He certainly overhauls us before the wind, but the moment we get the mizen up I will haul on the wind, and he must be a clipper if he catches us."

"Ah! there goes a gun; rather short yet, Johnny," exclaimed Lieutenant Spencer, as the ball fell some hundred feet astern of them.

"I fancy that his largest gun is an eighteen-pounder," said our hero. "By-and-by I will try a shot from one of our twenty-four-pound-

ers—we might knock some of his top hamper about his ears, and lessen his speed."

By this time the French frigate the Immortalitè had passed the Camille, hoisting signals, but not delaying a moment, evidently guessing at the state of affairs, and intensely anxious to catch the saucy corvette that had so crippled the Camille.

A cheer from the gang hoisting the new mizen-mast, a jury one, into its place, caused our hero to join Mr. Hawkins.

"You have worked well, my men," said Captain Chamberlain, "and the moment you set up the rigging we will splice the main brace, and then clap canvas on it. I want to get upon a wind as soon as possible."

"Aye, aye, sir," said an old salt, "just poke her nose in the wind, and I'm blowed if Johnny sees our stern very long."

"What do you think, Hawkins," remarked our hero, as Lieut. Spencer joined them, and the boom of another gun pealed over the water, "of trailing a twenty-four-pounder aft,

and try a shot; that last shot of the Immortalitè, with a little more elevation, would have done us some mischief. She is a fast craft, undoubtedly."

Whilst the men were making sail, and a party trailing a twenty-four-pounder aft, our hero hurried for a moment to the cabin—just to prepare Miss Mortimer, who might otherwise be alarmed by the report of their own gun, and fancy that there was going to be another contest with the enemy.

Annie, in the meantime, had remained seated in the very handsome cabin of the Defiance. She had briefly explained to Louise who the commander of the Defiance was, and that during the life of her beloved unfortunate parents she had been betrothed to Mr. Chamberlain, and how rejoiced and thankful to God she was, that at last, after so many severe trials and sufferings, she was restored to his protection.

"He is a noble looking and gallant gentleman," said Louise, somewhat sadly. She

thought of her own life, and felt terribly humiliated, as she recalled the events of past years.

"You look sad and dejected, Louise," said Miss Mortimer kindly. "I can almost divine your thoughts."

"Alas! mademoiselle," returned the Frenchwoman, "it is quite possible that you do. Would it be requesting too great a favour in asking you to let what you know of my past life remain buried in oblivion, so that your noble lover may not feel startled by hearing you were ever forced into companionship with one whose life has been one of sin and shame."

"Ah, Louise, do not think for a moment," replied Annie, "that what I know should ever be repeated to your prejudice. Captain Chamberlain only understands that I am deeply indebted to you; in fact, that I owe my life, at all events my present happiness, to your kindness of heart. When I told him he at once said, 'It shall be our first care, my own

Annie, to provide for the future comfort of her who so nobly preserved and shielded you in a time of extreme peril.'"

As Miss Mortimer spoke, the loud boom of the Immortalité's gun, startled them both.

"I fear we are pursued, and that there will be another contest," said Louise.

"God forbid," uttered our heroine, from her heart. "We have gone through peril enough, and surely Augustus would never dream of resisting such a vessel a second time."

Just then Captain Chamberlain came hastily down the companion stairs, and entered the cabin, Louise retiring into their private state-room.

"I perceive," said our hero, taking Annie's hand and leading her to a sofa, "that you look startled. You heard the pursuing frigate's last shot."

"In truth I did, Augustus," replied Annie Mortimer looking up into the animated features of her betrothed, "and I hope you

come to tell me that you do not dream of resistance."

"Not with such a treasure on board, dearest," said the delighted lover, gazing into her pale but lovely face, and kissing fondly the little hand he had taken prisoner. "I confess I am running away, and intend doing so to the best of my ability. I came down purposely to tell you not to be alarmed if you heard our guns replying to our pursuers. The fact is, the Frenchman's is a very fast ship. We are now running before the wind, which is his best point, no doubt; and as we carry very heavy guns we are going to try and knock some of his flying kites about his ears; we shall then haul on a wind, and run away from him. So, dearest, keep up a good heart; you are, thanks be to Providence, restored to me. Depend on it I will not risk that which is dearer to me than life, rash," and pressing a kiss upon the fair brow of his beloved, he hurried up on deck.

The gun, he perceived, was in position, and Mr. Hawkins and his men eagerly watching the Immortalité.

"By Jove, Augustus, she is overhauling us fast."

"Now, sir," said Mr. Hawkins, "we are ready to haul on a wind. I see the Frenchman thinks he is quite sure of us; firing his bow chasers retards his speed. If you will let me have a shot at him, I'll bet a dozen of champagne I'll spoil some of his toggery."

"Two dozen of champagne for the best shot," said Charley Spencer. "I'll back our commander."

"Done, sir," said Hawkins.

"Well, fire away," said our hero; "faith, there's no time to lose. Our friend seems quite secure of us as a prize, and don't like damaging us."

Mr. Hawkins laid the gun, and then fired. Watching the roll, all stood anxiously anticipating the result.

"Bravo, old boy," said Lieutenant Spencer,

who had his glass fixed upon the French frigate, which presented a grand and imposing spectacle, covered as she was from the truck to the deck with a cloud of snow-white canvas. "By Jove! you have won the champagne; you have made a rent in his fore-topsail. You might drive a bull through."

"Stop a bit, Master Charley," exclaimed our hero, "the champagne's not won yet. Ah! there goes his starboard bow chasers, and by my word, there goes our main-top gallant-mast;" and in truth down came the shattered spar, and the fluttering sail; the breeze increasing, whilst the men ran aloft to clear away the wreck.

Our hero laid the gun with the utmost care; he was always reckoned a skilful and fortunate shot, and as the loud boom of the gun died away, a loud cheer from his crew testified their delight. The champagne was won, for down came the fore-topmast and top-gallant-sail of the Immortalité, and with it the cloud of canvas they carried.

"Now, Hawkins, get her on a wind, and we will walk away from our pursuer, and get clear before he can repair his disaster. Nothing like a chance shot."

"By St. Peter, Augustus," said Lieutenant Spencer, "that was no chance shot, you were always the favourite. I see your shot has astonished him, he is up in the wind, and there goes his last word. As the lieutenant spoke an eighteen-pound shot struck the long boat lying between the fore and main mast, knocking it to splinters, and tumbling over half a dozen of the crew, who luckily received only slight bruizes. The breeze had so considerably freshened that the corvette could well spare her top-gallant-sails.

The Immortalité, without her foretop-sail, though she having braced round on a wind and cut away the wreck, no doubt was actively engaged repairing her disaster; her commander and his officers, bitterly bestowing their maledictions upon the luck of the saucy corvette, fell rapidly astern.

The Defiance, now on her favourite point of sailing, soon so rapidly increased her distance that the officers and crew thought no more of their pursuer, but began clearing away the wreck of the long-boat, and putting the craft to rights after all she had gone through.

Before sun set, the Immortalité had abandoned the chase. The Defiance then altered her course, squared her yards, and made the best of her way for the Straits of Gibraltar. That evening Captain Chamberlain introduced his beautiful betrothed to his friend Lieutenant Spencer.

When our hero had time for thought, for his attention had been untiringly given to his wounded and the refitting of his ship, which had suffered considerably in sails, rigging and spars—when time was afforded him to think, the situation of Annie fully occupied his thoughts. To keep her longer on board the Defiance than was absolutely necessary was not for a moment to be thought of.

The commander's duty was imperative, and

that was to join the fleet under Lord Nelson, deliver his despatches, and hand over the Defiance to the Honourable St. George Forester.

Talking over the matter with his friend Spencer, they mutually came to the decision that the best thing our hero could do was to make the best of his way to Gibraltar. There he would, without a doubt, find a vessel of war proceeding to England with many officers' wives as passengers among, and to whom there would be some lady with daughters returning home, who would willingly take charge of Miss Mortimer, and on reaching England consign her to the care of her guardian, Mr. Calthurst. On consulting Annie herself, she readily perceived the necessity of the case, and acquiesced in her lover's proposal with apparent cheerfulness and composure, though she felt how painful the separation would be, and how great her isolation amongst strangers; and again she thought of the perils and dangers of war, into which duty would lead him.

"And when, dear Augustus," said the maiden, in a somewhat sad tone, "if Providence in its mercy spares you, do you intend returning to England, and finally abandoning a profession that may separate us for years."

"I would quit it to-morrow, my beloved," said the commander of the Defiance, "but honour forbids it. I have a duty to perform, I know we are on the eve of a great naval battle in the Mediterranean—Nelson will lead us to glory and to victory. I promise you if God spares me, after this battle, I will return to England, and devote the rest of my life to your happiness."

This promise, sealed by a kiss, seemed to restore the young girl to cheerfulness. But their parting was nearer at hand than they thought.

The following day, shone fine and clear, sea smooth and a pleasant breeze blowing, they fell in with three English ships-of-war. On making and answering signals our hero, to his

great joy, found that one was the thirty-two-gun frigate Terpsichore, formerly commanded by the gallant, but unfortunate, Captain Richard Bowen, who so gloriously fell at the storming of Santa Cruz. The officer then commanding the Terpsichore was Captain M——, first lieutenant of the Leander, and from whom, when in that ship, our hero had received much kindness. The Terpsichore lay to within hail of the Defiance, and our hero immediately lowered his gig and proceeded on board. Captain M—— received him with exceeding cordiality; they had not met since that unfortunate attack upon Santa Cruz, and all in the Leander at that time considered our hero to have perished. The surprise was therefore great, in not only seeing him alive and well, but commanding so handsome a corvette as the Defiance.

After a very brief account of how he escaped on that memorable night, our hero asked Captain M—— where he was bound.

"I am bound for Plymouth, with despatches

from the fleet for Admiral Lord Linwood, and after filling up my complement of men, I return at once to rejoin Nelson. Where, Chamberlain, did you get that handsome corvette?"

Our hero explained, and then said he was taking her out to hand her over to the Honourable St. George Forester.

Captain M—— started back, with an exclamation of astonishment, and said, with a serious expression of countenance,

"Alas! poor Forester will never command that corvette or any other. In an engage- some three weeks back between his ship and two of the enemy, off Malta, just as the enemy struck their flags, the last shot fired struck Forester, who was leaning over the bulwarks, and killed him on the spot. He was buried at Malta, with all honours."

"Well, upon my faith," replied our hero, considerably moved, "I grieve to hear of his untimely fate."

"Well, it was his turn then: ours, perhaps,

to-morrow," said Captain M——. "But come below; I have several ladies, passengers, and amongst them the wife of the gallant captain of the Leander and her two daughters, returning from Malta to England."

"Can anything be more fortunate?" exclaimed our hero. He then explained to Captain M—— his situation with respect to Miss Mortimer; he could only do so briefly, and he also stated how he had suddenly become aware that he was the nephew and next heir to the Linwood title and estates. Captain M—— was amazed. He shook our hero by the hand, congratulating him on his most unexpected accession to rank and fortune.

"By Jove! Chamberlain, you are now, and no mistake, as your messmates used to style you, fortune's favourite. But return and bring Miss Mortimer and her attendant here. Trust to me, Mrs. Thompson and daughters, two handsome and charming girls, I assure you, will receive her gladly, and every attention shall be paid, and every care

be taken of her till she is placed under the care of her guardian, Mr. Calthurst."

Before an hour had passed, the Terpsichore was on her way to England, and the Defiance, with a cloud of canvas, steering her course for the Straits of Gibraltar.

The parting with his beloved was, in truth, painful on both sides; but Mrs. Thompson and her daughters, briefly informed of how the lovers stood, and the necessity of their thus parting, exerted themselves to cheer and console their fair guest under her bereavement, and in a great measure succeeded in restoring her to composure and resignation.

During their short voyage to Plymouth, Annie gained the love and admiration of Mrs. Thompson and her daughters. They listened to a brief narrative of all her trials and sorrows with surprise and exceeding commiseration.

On reaching Plymouth, the ladies bade the worthy commander of the Terpsichore farewell, thanking him for all the kindness and atten-

tion he had shown them, and leaving a very handsome gratuity amongst the crew.

Mrs. Thompson was proceeding to London, after a week's stay in Plymouth, and Annie Mortimer travelled to town with the mother and daughters, and finally, Mr. Calthurst having been written to from Plymouth, received his ward with profound respect, and a feeling of intense relief that she was at last safe and sound in her native land, after so many sorrows, trials, and perils.

CHAPTER X.

For several days after parting with the Terpsichore, the Defiance made but little progress, owing to light and contrary breezes.

Our hero felt somewhat sad after parting with Annie, and longed to get into the Mediterranean, and join the fleet. Lieutenant Spencer was speedily getting quite well, and one evening, having invited Mr. Hawkins to join them at supper, our hero remarked to his friend Spencer, "By the way, Charley, I have never had an opportunity to ask you about that remarkable action you fought with the French frigate Medée, and how you became a prisoner afterwards. Let us have a yarn about it."

"Willingly; but fill your glasses, and let us drink to the health and prosperity of as gallant a seaman as ever trod a ship's deck. Here's to the health of Captain John Clark Searle, commander of the brig-sloop Pelican."

This was drank with all honours.

"I think," remarked our hero, "Captain Searle was one of the Pelicans you supped with in London when Hawkins hunted you up to become my second in the duel with that unprincipled scoundrel, Sir Herbert Delme."

"You are right; he was the chief cause of our meeting that night. He had been made a commander a few days before, and appointed captain of the Colossus."

"Well," continued Lieutenant Spencer, "I will tell you how I became a prisoner, and to that very circumstance I owe the loss of my heart to your pretty cousin Flora. I was only temporarily appointed lieutenant to the eighteen-gun brig Pelican, about the middle of September, '96. We were lying-to, in

thickish weather, some seven or eight leagues from the island of Desirade, waiting till the fog cleared off. We had taken several prizes, and were consequently short of hands—our master and several petty officers were absent; so that out of our complement of a hundred and twenty-one men and boys we could only muster ninety-seven. It was my watch, and as the day made the fog cleared, and, by Jove, close by us we perceived a vessel very well known to many of the crew. Captain Searle was on deck in a moment, and declared the ship to be the French frigate Medée. This vessel carried forty guns, and had a complement of three hundred men. Our commander was as daring a man as ever lived, but he was not over-anxious to engage an enemy so terribly superior in guns and men. So orders were given to make all sail, and stand away to the north-west.

"The Medée appeared as if all on board were asleep; but she soon showed signs of life when she perceived us sailing away, and

immediately gave chase, crowding on canvas as she pursued. The men were very anxiously regarding her. She was a fast ship, and the breeze freshening, she came rapidly up.

"Our seamen were evidently averse to even firing a shot, and considered it no disgrace for a brig of eighteen guns to haul down her flag to a frigate of forty guns. But our gallant skipper had no such intention. He called his men together, and addressed them in a spirited speech—recalled to their recollection the frequent occasions on which they had distinguished themselves under his command, and trusted that they would not now sully so well-earned a reputation, nor place less confidence in his ability. The noble fellows gave three hearty cheers; and swore they would rather sink with their commander, than forfeit his good opinion.*

"We then prepared to conquer or perish; and, finding the Medée came up hand over

* Fact—See James's Naval History.

hand, Captain Searle ordered the men to shorten sail.

"Like our late engagement with the Camille, no doubt such audacity created amazement aboard the French frigate. As soon as she came within gun shot she opened fire. The men stood ready at their guns, waiting for their skipper's orders to fire; and then commenced, for one hour and seventeen minutes, as brisk a fire from the Pelican as ever man witnessed. The Medée appeared to be in some confusion, for suddenly she hauled aboard her main tack, and making more sail, stood away to the northward. Our crew cheered heartily. I was amazed. We had not one man killed, and but two slightly wounded; but our rigging was fearfully cut up—every brace and bowline was gone, all the after back stays, the lower shrouds, the topsail ties, and many other parts of the rigging shot away—left the Pelican in no condition to pursue; so that, in a very short time, the Medée was out of sight."

"Well, by Jove! Charley, your commander was a fine fellow; but what a disgrace to the French skipper. Did you never hear more of him?"

"I will tell you," returned Lieutenant Spencer. "The first thing to be done was to repair damages. It was past eight o'clock when the Medée showed us her stern; before eleven we had got into tolerable order, hoisted new sails, replaced rigging, &c., when the man at the mast-head sang out, 'A large ship on our lee beam.' We immediately gave chase. About three o'clock we were within a couple of miles of Englishman Head, Guadaloupe, and within shot of the stranger; and after firing several shots, we luckily brought down her main-topsail-yard. She then hove to, and I proceeded to board her. She turned out to be the Alcyon, a British trader; but a prize to the Medée, who had captured her.

"I took possession of her, by Captain Searle's orders, and he had us in tow; but a tremendous swell set in during the night,

driving us several times against the Pelican, so that she was forced to cast us off.

"We now, in our disabled state, could do little. We kept drifting all night, and, by St. Peter, when the dawn made, we found we were nearly ashore at a place called Ansi-la-Barque; and not a gunshot from us was the Medée herself, with a light air from the land, and the Pelican seaward becalmed. The Medée at once hoisted out her boats. We could offer no resistance; and the Pelican, knowing that there were two French frigates in Ansi-la-Barque, took advantage of the breeze, and, seeing one of the French frigates coming out, crowded sail and made off, whilst we were at once boarded and made prisoners.

"I had only eight men with me, and we bore our fate with anything but patience and resignation. The French officer commanding the boarding party was a gentlemanly man. After some few remarks, he said, 'Your vessel, monsieur, was a frigate, was she not, with her mizen-mast out?'

"'No, monsieur,' I replied; 'she is only an eighteen-gun brig, and our crew consisted of sixty-nine men.'

"The Frenchman uttered several sacrés, and shrugged his shoulders, saying, not aloud, but audible, 'Ce n'est pas possible.' I then learned, for I got intimate with Monsieur Villaret, the lieutenant who had charge of us, with twenty men, that our very first shot killed the man at the wheel, wounded several and disabled a gun, and that the last raking broadside which we poured into the stern of the Medée, killed ten or twelve men upon the main deck, and that the Medée sustained much damage, besides a loss in killed and wounded of thirty-three men.

"I was landed with my comrades at Guadaloupe, where the governor treated us very kindly; but he would not believe my account of the action, or that the Pelican carried only sixteen thirty-two-pound carronades, and had but ninety-six men.

"When therefore the Pelican had anchored

at the Saintes, Victor Huges, the governor, sent an aide-de-camp with a flag of truce, who was permitted to go aboard the Pelican and count the guns."

"This exploit, I heard, made a considerable noise in the West Indies," remarked Mr. Hawkins. "I was told of it at Barbadoes, and the gallantry of Captain Searle, his officers, and crew was most highly extolled."

"And well they deserved it," observed our hero, "though, at the time, they reaped no other reward. But how did you get free, Charley?"

"Well, amico, by just having a small sword run clean through my body," returned Lieutenant Spencer.

"Rather an unpleasant ransom," remarked Mr. Hawkins.

"Faith, I thought so, too, at the time, old friend. You see the French officers at Guadaloupe were exceedingly sore upon the subject of the Pelican brig beating off a forty-gun frigate, and many sore looks were cast

at me by some of the young officers of the garrison. But the governor was a fine noble-hearted old veteran, and treated me with great kindness; but there was one officer who persistently tried to insult me—or my country. I was on parole, and went oftentimes to evening parties at several of the French residents. At one of these parties I met Captain Jean Mauvais—we were at supper. No ladies were present, when the eternal subject of the Pelican and Medée was mooted; and reference was made to me by an old naval officer, who asked me some questions about our guns. I stated they were thirty-two pounder carronades, Captain Jean Mauvais deliberately gave me the lie, and so otherwise insulted me that I lost my temper, and, seizing him by the collar, I drew him across the table, and kicked him out of the room. This affair was kept from the knowledge of the governor, and a meeting was planned. The French officer chose swords. I was never any very great shakes

with the small sword. I could, as you both know, play a very good game with a heavy cutlass; but I, of course, received the sword given me, and faced my savage antagonist. By an oversight in his guard, I wounded him in his right eye. In fact, he lost *its* sight afterwards; but, nevertheless, he run his sword the next moment through my left side to the hilt, and I became insensible.

"As I lay upon my sick couch—many days after—I was visited by an aide-de-camp of the governor. He told me that his excellency had heard the whole affair from beginning to end, and was so incensed at the conduct of Captain Jean Mauvais that he had placed him under arrest, and but for the wound in the eye, he would have forced him to resign his commission. He further told me the moment I was able to leave, he should restore me to parole, and permit my return to England in a neutral vessel. I returned suitable thanks; and, when I was able, had a

passage to England in a neutral vessel bound to Hull.

"I was far from being quite cured on reaching my native land, and shortly afterwards obtained leave to spend a few months in Devonshire; and, meeting with Captain Cox, an old messmate, then commanding a fine revenue cutter, I sailed with him for Torquay. It was in standing in for that port that we observed the upsetting of the little pleasure boat, in which was your cousin, Flora Smith. Before the boat could round to and put out a boat, I jumped overboard, and had the good fortune to reach Miss Smith before she sank a second time. Thus, you see, if I had not been run through the body by that confounded, or rather I should say, blessed Frenchman, Captain Mauvais, I should not have been an invalid, and had I not have been an invalid, I should not have visited Devonshire, but have joined my new ship; thus it happened that my future destiny was

completely changed by a combination of circumstances not possible to control."

"Well, Charley," said the commander of the Defiance, "I differ with you respecting your last observation about circumstances not possible to control, but we will not argue the point. All I can say, as you have gained the heart of my little cousin, Flora, and saved her life besides, you may rest contented with the chain of circumstances that led to such a result. The next move must be to secure the hand as well as the heart, and to do so, command my services, for I shall feel delighted in seeing you both happy."

The next day a shift of wind to the eastward sent the Defiance in her course for the straits, with studding-sails alow and aloft. The corvette only anchored at Gibraltar for a fresh stock of provisions, and to glean some intelligence, if possible, of the whereabouts of Lord Nelson's fleet.

No news of the two hostile fleets could be obtained at the rock, so the Defiance was

again under weigh for Malta—then in possession of the French. In a narrow sea like the Mediterranean, it appears strange that Nelson should have been so long baffled in finding the Toulon fleet. When our hero sailed for Malta, it was not known at Gibraltar that Bonaparte had seized upon Malta and Goza. Neither did Nelson become aware of this fact, till the British consul at Messina made him acquainted with it. Nelson then steered for Malta, thinking to find the French fleet there. On her voyage to Malta the Defiance captured two valuable French merchant ships making for Toulon, under the escort of two gun brigs, and with the loss of only one man and four wounded. The crew of one of the brigs fought well, the other, a very fast craft, made sail and escaped. The two merchant vessels, one a ship of eight hundred tons, with a cargo worth twenty thousand pounds, were sent to Gibraltar, the eight-hundred-ton ship in charge of the mate and eight men; as the wind was fair, the other, under the command

of Midshipman Joyce and six men, followed in her wake.

The French brig, the Renard, of eight twelve-pounders, was dismasted during the fight, and into her our hero put all his prisoners, and left them to shift for themselves; from them he heard of the capture of Malta and Goza, but they also told him the entire Toulon fleet had left the island. Now this was intended to mislead the Defiance, and thus ensure her capture. Captain Chamberlain did not believe it—and he was so far correct, for the French fleet left Malta on the eighteenth of May; whereas, they were then only at the close of the twelfth; had the Defiance pursued her way to Malta she would undoubtedly have been captured; but, altering her course, she stood away for the coast of Italy. Contrary winds, smart gales, and thick weather kept the Defiance till the twenty-fifth of May before they made the port of Messina: there our hero learned that the British fleet had passed

through on the twentieth, and was gone to Goza.

We have no space for a lengthened account of our hero's chase of the British fleet, but simply state that, after being constantly baffled by false intelligence, and being nearly taken by two French frigates—the advance of the French fleet—he at last came up with the English fleet on the first of August, just as the towers and minarets of Alexandria, and Pompey's pillar became visible under the rays of the rising sun.

But the French flag waved upon the embattled walls.

All hands were on deck—officers and men—all gazing with admiration on the imposing and magnificent sight the British fleet presented to the eye. It was blowing fresh, with a heavy swell, but all the ships were covered with canvas from deck to truck—there were ten noble ships, and the last in the line was the little—little in comparison—fifty-gun ship Leander.

Our hero recognised his old ship the moment his gaze rested on her—looking like a splendid toy amidst such ships as the Vanguard, the Orion, Culloden, Minotaur, Alexandre, Majestie, &c., all seventy-four-gun ships.

With the Battle of the Nile so graphically described by many gallant officers, and so well inscribed upon the hearts of every Englishman it is not our intention to deal. Our hero delivered his despatches upon the quarter-deck of the Vanguard, was graciously received and remembered by Lord Nelson, and finally desired to attach himself to the Leander as a kind of tender. Captain Thompson was rejoiced to see our hero; there was no time for words, for very shortly after the action commenced, and the Defiance was sent to see what accident had befallen the Culloden.

This fine ship had got aground on the ridge of rocks off the Island of Aboukir. When the Defiance came up there was a very heavy

ground-swell on the rocks, and the seventy-four thumped very hard. Just as the Defiance had anchored, the Mutine came up and let go her anchors within five hundred yards of the huge ship.

Leaving the Mutine to assist the Culloden, by carrying out anchors with her boats, the Defiance proceeded to join the Leander amidst the darkness of the night, the incessant roar of cannon, and the drifting of disabled ships out of action. The Defiance was placed in imminent peril, and, despite every effort, she was run into by a huge dismasted French seventy-four, and cut to the water's edge. With difficulty disengaging his ship, whilst receiving volleys of musketry from the towering fabric above him, our hero anxiously ordered the carpenter to try the well; it was too evident the Defiance had received her death blow —she would sink in less than an hour. In this dilemma he steered for the Leander to save the lives of his officers and crew. The Leander was at this time taking up a position

to mask the attacks of the Orion, that ship concentrating her fire upon the Franklin.

Stating his situation to Captain Thompson, he was told to anchor, and get his men and all he could save on board the fifty-gun ship. The Leander put out some of her boats, and after great exertion the officers and men, and most of their effects were got safely aboard—the Defiance rapidly settling down—and shortly after, with intense vexation, our hero and his officers and crew beheld the saucy corvette sink beneath the waves. It was at this moment that the French hundred-and-twenty-gun ship L'Orient exploded. To describe this awfully grand but terrific spectacle would be impossible; it filled the minds of all who witnessed it with a feeling of indescribable awe. The vibration shook the ships to their kelsons, and the flaming material fell upon the decks of the nearest ships, creating much confusion and some dismay; for more than ten minutes not a gun was fired

by either of the combatants, so profoundly were all for the time paralysed.

The wind suddenly ceasing, as well as the roaring of cannon, the shouts of the combatants, and the whistling of the gale through the rigging, a calm singularly striking ensued. But after the lapse of some minutes, the wind again sprung up, and as it rippled the waters, and rattled through the rigging, the combatants recovering from their stupor recommenced their deadly strife. Shortly after, however, the battle ceased. The British had won a glorious, and ever to be remembered victory.

CHAPTER XI.

Miss Mortimer. who preferred remaining an inmate of Mr. Calthurst's mansion to any other mode of life, continued in a state of considerable anxiety for the fate of her lover, his fiery nature and love of daring exploits, filled her mind with constant dread, especially as the papers stated a great battle was daily expected between the two greatest fleets in the world—France and England.

Miss Mortimer's first care after she felt herself settled, and her guardian promising to assist her in any way she wished, was to establish Louise Papin in a mode of life suited to her abilities. She had told Mr. Cal-

thurst, who felt great admiration for his young and beautiful ward, that she owed her life to the disinterested devotion of the young Frenchwoman, her attendant at the time, and that it was her wish to provide for her in a suitable manner. Louise was consulted on the subject, and she expressed a wish to keep a small establishment like a restaurant; she understood the duties perfectly well, and as London was crowded with French refugees, she had no doubt of making a very comfortable living, in which opinion Mr. Calthurst coincided.

Accordingly, a house in Leicester-square was purchased, and properly fitted up under Louise's instructions, and there after taking a grateful leave of her young benefactress she established herself, and soon, from her handsome person, graceful manner, and clever way of managing her establishment, she became the fashion amongst the French residents. We leave her, prosperous, and likely to make a fortune.

Augustus Chamberlain, before parting, had requested Miss Mortimer to seek out Mrs. Talbot and her daughter Rose, and before many visits had taken place the two girls were fast friends. Mrs. Talbot became also a special favourite with Annie Mortimer, whilst that good lady looked upon our heroine with esteem and great admiration.

Mr. Calthurst had, before his ward's arrival, recovered his peace of mind. Sir Herbert Delme was dead, died miserably in a foreign land, where he had fled to escape from his creditors. John Calthurst was quite reclaimed, and had gone to Germany on legal business. Mrs. Calthurst had crushed for ever her ambitious views for her daughters; the eldest had married a solicitor in good repute, and rich; the youngest purified by the events of her unfortunate marriage. As the widow of Sir Herbert Delme she deserved credit for the manner in which she bore her misfortune and lived quietly and contentedly with her father

and mother, Miss Mortimer finding in her a very pleasing and agreeable companion.

The fashionable world were, about this time, startled and excited, by the elopement of Lady Georgina Deveaux, niece of the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Earl of Linwood, who had succeeded to the title, about three months after the departure of our hero from Plymouth.

Lady Georgina Deveaux eloped with the handsome and gallant Colonel ———. The rage and vexation of the earl was excessive ; he, however, surrendered to the colonel's solicitor his niece's fortune, but swore never to see either her or her husband as long as he lived.

The next intelligence the earl heard was the untimely death of the Honourable St. George Forester, which released his other niece, Flora Smith, from her engagement. As poor Flora had no fortune of her own, the earl still considered he might make up for his recent disappointment, by procuring her a titled husband, besides which, he felt satisfied his nephew and successor would not disgrace

the proud race of the Linwoods, by a plebeian marriage, no matter what the wealth of the lady might be.

At length the news reached England of the battle of the Nile and the annihilation of the redoubtable French fleet. For a week the nation was in ecstacies; no honours were sufficient for the glorious hero of the Nile.

The earl of Linwood received private despatches, in which the loss of the Defiance was mentioned, but that her commander, officers, and crew were safe on board the Leander. Captain Chamberlain's two prizes also reached England in safety.

Our little heroine's mind was at length relieved, and her heart again beat with delight, for her lover was safe and well. She received a letter from him, written on board the Leander, the morning after the battle of the Nile.

We leave our fair readers to imagine what filled four sheets of large letter paper when Lady Delme asked and expected to hear interesting private accounts of the battle,

Annie, with heightened colour said, "There is not a word about the battle in the letter. Captain Chamberlain merely says he could have shed tears when he beheld his favourite ship, the Defiance, disappear amid the waves."

"You expect him home shortly, I suppose?" questioned Lady Delme.

"Yes," returned Miss Mortimer; "he and his friend, Lieutenant Spencer, will proceed in the Leander with despatches from Lord Nelson to the Commander-in-Chief at Cadiz, after which they intend returning in the first ship to England."

But Annie was again doomed to disappointment; the next intelligence that reached England was that the Leander had been captured by a seventy-four-gun ship, after one of the most spirited and gallant actions recorded in the annals of the British navy.

To account for this misfortune, we must return to the Leander the morning after the glorious victory of the Nile.

The Leander, after the battle, was appointed

by Rear-Admiral Lord Horatio Nelson to carry his despatches, addressed to the Commander-in-chief, to the Mediterranean station. The captain of the Leander, being upwards of eighty men short of his complement, was delighted at again having his favourite lieutenant with him, as well as those brave fellows who had belonged to the unfortunate Defiance.

As Lieutenant Spencer's ship was at Cadiz, he also remained in the Leander. Admiral Nelson appointed our hero second lieutenant of the Leander, that officer having been killed at Teneriffe, as well as Lieutenant Robinson, of the marines. This was considered a great mark of favour and distinction; but the admiral thought his services deserved the promotion. Mr. Hawkins also received a berth, so that the Leander sailed from before Alexandria with a complement of officers and men that could be relied on in an emergency.

Contrary winds detained them till the eighteenth; they were then about six miles

from the west end of Goza de Candia. Captain Thompson and our hero were pacing the deck, with Captain Berry, of the Vanguard, who came on deck, and who had scarcely joined the captain, when the man on the look out signalled a large ship in the south-east quarter, standing direct for them. Lieutenant Spencer, taking his glass, ran up the rigging, and after a careful survey of the stranger, said he felt sure that the vessel coming rapidly up was a ship of the line. She had a fine steady breeze, whilst the Leander was becalmed. She was soon ascertained to be a seventy-four-gun ship, and French.

Captain Thompson and Captain Berry considered that in their situation, with so many wounded on board, and short as they still were of men, they would not be justified in risking an engagement with a ship of such superior size; therefore, the moment they caught the advancing breeze, all sail was made to escape.

"It is no use, Charley," said our hero,

" the Leander never was fast, and yonder ship sails well."

"Let me see what colours she hoists."

"I was just looking. It matters little what colours she hoists; she's a French seventy-four."

"Then we shall get peppered," said Charles Spencer, "for I know our commander will never strike whilst he can govern his ship."

Captain Thompson soon perceived that to escape by sailing was out of the question. Every officer was therefore required to get his men to their places, the ship was prepared for action, and placed in the best possible position to receive her formidable antagonist.

The French seventy-four first hoisted Neapolitan colours, then Turkish; but she was too well known to be French. Her deception was of no avail. The Leander was fully prepared to make her pay dearly for a victory. Finding that flight was of no further use, Captain Thompson gallantly shortened

sail, and hauled up, till his ship's broadside could be brought to bear.

We may here state that the vessel now within shot of her small, but gallant enemy, was the Genevieve, commanded by Captain le Jolie; she was then bound to Corfu. She mounted eighty guns in all, and had a crew of nine hundred and forty men and boys, and was two thousand tons burden, whereas all the guns of the Leander amounted only to fifty-one, and her crew, able to stand to the guns, not quite two hundred and ninety.

The French ship first fired a single gun, to which the Leander replied with a broadside. Then commenced a terrible and incessant cannonade. Never did officers and crew fight with more determined spirit and gallantry than those on the deck of the Leander; and never was a ship handled with such skill. It fell to our hero's lot to execute a difficult manœuvre, which was so skilfully carried out that Captain Thompson pressed his hand and publicly thanked him; for it saved the

Leander from being run down by her huge antagonist. Some fifteen minutes after, Captain Berry was wounded, and Captain Thompson received a second wound. Already there were seventeen seamen killed and two lieutenants severely wounded.

Whilst assisting Captain Thompson below to have his wound bound up, a shot struck Lieutenant Spencer, wounding him slightly. Before our hero and Captain Thompson regained the deck, the Frenchman struck the Leander on the larboard bow, and then dropped alongside.

The crash was tremendous; it bent double several of the fifty-gun ship's lower deck ports.

It was now that our hero was in his element. Calling together the gallant crew of the Defiance, with Mr. Hawkins by his side (Charles Spencer having been carried below), and assisted by the sergeant of marines, with a small party of men, our hero led them against the crew of the Genevieve, who were swarming over the side. After a

fierce and terrible conflict, he drove them back, killing and wounding many; and for a moment, stood upon the deck of the enemy, whose crew drew back astonished at so desperate a charge, and by the cheers of the brave crew of the Defiance; but the two vessels separating, our hero and his gallant party made good their return. The Leander by the aid of her spritsail, succeeded in wearing, and then luffed under the stern of her adversary, deliberately discharging every gun on her starboard broadside, into the Genevieve.

Unfortunately for the Leander, the breeze died away, the sea became as smooth as glass, whilst the heat almost was overpowering. Still the cannonading continued without intermission, till three p m.; by which time the Leander was ungovernable, and a complete wreck, her loss in officers and men amounting to thirty-five killed and thirty-seven wounded—a full third of her gallant crew. The enemy's vessel was lying with her mizen-mast over the starboard quarter, her fore-

topmast over her larboard bow, and both her lower yards on the booms. In fact, she had no stick standing, save the bowsprit, and the shattered remains of the fore and main masts. The ship's hull was also cut to pieces, and her decks strewed on every side with killed and wounded. Our hero had received several wounds, but none serious.

The firing had ceased, and as the Genevieve ranged slowly alongside, intending to take up a position to rake her, she hailed and demanded if she surrendered. Lieut. Chamberlain was standing near to Captain Thompson leaning on his sword. Captain Thompson, severely wounded, was reclining against one of the booms, looking worn and exhausted.

"What can we do, Augustus?" said the captain, mournfully, "we are helpless; longer contention is hopeless; it would only lead to the slaughter of my brave crew."

Our hero bit his lip till it bled, though he could but acknowledge that they could not fire another shot. By the captain's orders, one of

the men held out a pike, with a French jack at the end of it, and thus the gallant Leander became a prize to the French seventy-four Genevieve.

The conduct of Captain le Jolie and his officers and crew to the officers and crew of the Leander, was a disgrace to a civilized nation. We have no space to record the infamy of this treatment. The Leander was taken to Corfu. After enduring every indignity and bad treatment from the authorities at Corfu, the officers of the Leander were paroled, and permitted to return to England.

After a long and tedious voyage, the officers of the Leander reached England, robbed and plundered of everything they had possessed of value.

Need we describe the joy and delight of Miss Mortimer on the return of her lover, or his pleasure at seeing her restored to complete health and increased beauty.

On the eighteenth of December, a court-martial was held upon Captain Thompson, his

officers and men, for the loss of their ship. The court having heard the evidence pronounced the sentence—

"That, having maturely and deliberately considered the whole of the evidence, we are unanimously of opinion that the unprecedented defence of Captain Thompson, of his Majesty's ship Leander—a defence not to be surpassed for gallantry and devotion—is deserving of every praise his country and this court can give; and the conduct of the officers and men under his command reflects not only the highest honour on himself and them, but on their country at large, and therefore the Court does most honourably acquit Captain Thompson, his officers, &c."

Captain Thompson was shortly afterwards knighted, and our hero made a commander. Lieutenant Spencer was appointed second lieutenant on board a seventy-four gun ship. All the officers belonging to the Leander received the commendation of the court, and some were promoted.

When Commander Chamberlain waited upon the Earl of Linwood, he was received most graciously and affectionately by his aunt. The earl said little about the elopement of the lady, but almost immediately entered upon the subject of matrimony, expressing a hope he would uphold the honour of the Linwood family by an alliance worthy of his fortune and station in society.

Our hero very quietly, but in a firm collected manner, told his uncle that when a poor lieutenant in the navy, without any knowledge of his high connections, he had been betrothed to a young lady of good family, and now an heiress of great wealth, and to whom he was shortly to be married.

The earl gazed sternly into his nephew's face, as if he was in a dream.

"Pray, sir, who may this young lady be, and who was her father?"

"Her father, my lord, was a Mr. Mortimer, an English gentleman, and a prosperous merchant—he unfortunately perished in—"

"Sir," abruptly interrupted the Earl, "I do not want to hear the history of your intended's father. I can only tell you, if you persist in this degrading union, it is in my power to cut you off from everything except the title."

"My lord, without any disrespect, I must assure you I neither covet the title nor the wealth of the Linwood family. I deeply regret your dislike to my intended union with a young lady who possesses youth, beauty accomplishment, amiability. I would sooner forfeit life than cast away the love of her I have sworn to cherish and protect."

"Follow your destiny, sir," said the admiral, trembling with passion; "from this hour you are nothing more to me, than your plebeian father was before you."

"My father, my lord, was an officer of unblemished character, and by birth a gentleman, and as such, equal to any nobleman in the land," and with a low bow, our hero left the room.

The Earl of Linwood rung the bell violently, and his personal attendant entered the room.

"Go instantly for my lawyer, Mr. Spottiswood, tell him to come here without delay."

Half choking with passion, the earl, a large, heavy, and very corpulent man, rose—he was in his library — and approached his private cabinet, and, with a flushed face and agitated manner, tried to unlock a particular drawer. As he turned the key, he staggered, placed his hand to his heart, reeled, and fell to the floor, with a heavy shock. The noise attracted the attention of the attendants, in the room underneath; several ran upstairs, and opening the doors, they uttered a cry of horror as they beheld the Earl of Linwood stretched insensible on the floor.

Doctors were sent for, and doctors and lawyers entered the room at the same time. But the Earl of Linwood, First Lord of the Admiralty, was dead, had died of apoplexy—

no doubt his tendency to this disease was hastened by pride and passion.

Twelve months after this event a double marriage took place in St. —— Church in a quiet, unostentatious manner, none being present but dear and sincere friends. There Annie Mortimer became the bride of the Earl of Linwood, Commander Chamberlain having succeeded his uncle to the entire estates and titles of the Linwood family—whilst Lieut. Spencer received the hand of his friend's pretty cousin, Flora Smith, and with the hand, a handsome marriage portion of thirty thousand pounds, bestowed upon her by her cousin the earl.

Present at the marriage was Mr. Hawkins, who four months previously had persuaded Rose Talbot's mother to venture upon taking a third husband. Rose remained single, and became the bosom friend of Lady Linwood.

All the crew of the Defiance were considerable gainers in the division of the prizes taken

by the corvette, our hero having thrown his share into the general fund.

Mr. Hawkins, therefore, retired from the service a very prosperous man.

Lord Linwood and his friend Spencer continued to take an active part in the war, but retired from the service during the short peace with France—the earl a post captain, and the other a commander.

Mr. Calthurst was appointed the Earl's solicitor, confidential adviser, and agent over his large estates, and he and his family were always constant and welcome visitors at Linwood Chase.

THE END.

T. C. Newby, 30, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, London.

WILSON'S

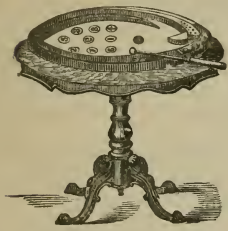
PATENT DRAWING-ROOM

BAGATELLE AND BILLIARD TABLES,

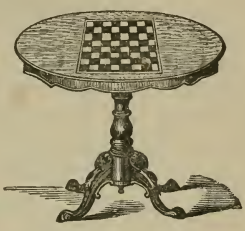
WITH REVERSIBLE TOPS.

Circular, Oblong, Oval, and other Shapes, in various Sizes

FORMING A HANDSOME TABLE.



Patent Bagatelle Table—Open.



Patent Bagatelle Table—Closed.

Prices from 5 to 25 Guineas. Prospectus Free by post.

WILSON AND CO., PATENTEES,

Cabinet Makers, Upholsterers, House Agents, Undertakers, &c.,

18, WIGMORE STREET (Corner of Welbeck Street), LONDON, W.; also at the

MANUFACTURING COURT, CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

In 1 Vol. Price 12s.

ON CHANGE OF CLIMATE,

A GUIDE FOR TRAVELLERS IN PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

BY THOMAS MORE MADDEN, M.D., M.R.C.S. ENG.

Illustrative of the Advantages of the various localities resorted to by Invalids, for the cure or alleviation of chronic diseases, especially consumption. With Observations on Climate, and its Influences on Health and Disease, the result of extensive personal experience of many Southern Climes.

SPAIN, PORTUGAL, ALGERIA, MOROCCO, FRANCE, ITALY, THE MEDITERRANEAN ISLANDS, EGYPT, &c.

"Dr. Madden has been to most of the places he describes, and his book contains the advantage of a guide, with the personal experience of a traveller. To persons who have determined that they ought to have change of climate, we can recommend Dr. Madden as a guide."—*Athenæum.*

"It contains much valuable information respecting various favorite places of resort, and is evidently the work of a well-informed physician."—*Lancet.*

"Dr. Madden's book deserves confidence—a most accurate and excellent work."—*Dublin Medical Review.*

THE

GENERAL FURNISHING

AND

UPHOLSTERY COMPANY

(LIMITED),

F. J. ACRES, MANAGER,

24 and 25, Baker Street, W.

The Company are now Exhibiting all the most approved Novelties of the Season in

CARPETS, CHINTZES,

MUSLIN CURTAINS,

And every variety of textile fabric for Upholstery purposes constituting the most recherché selection in the trade.

TEETH WITHOUT PAIN AND WITHOUT SPRINGS.

OSTEO EIDON FOR ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
EQUAL TO NATURE.

Complete Sets £4 4s., £7 7s., £10 10s., £15 15s., and £21.

SINGLE TEETH AND PARTIAL SETS AT PROPORTIONATELY MODERATE CHARGES.

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

London:
27, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.
134, DUKE STREET, LIVERPOOL.
65, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

City Address:
64, LUDGATE HILL, 64.
(4 doors from the Railway Bridge).

ONLY ONE VISIT REQUIRED FROM COUNTRY PATIENTS.

Gabriel's Treatise on the Teeth, explaining their patented mode of supplying Teeth without Springs or Wires, may be had gratis on application, or free by post.

THE TOILET.—A due attention to the gifts and graces of the person, and a becoming preservation of the advantages of nature, are of more value and importance with reference to our health and well-being, than many parties are inclined to suppose. Several of the most attractive portions of the human frame are delicate and fragile, in proportion as they are graceful and pleasing; and the due conservation of them is intimately associated with our health and comfort. The hair, for example, from the delicacy of its growth and texture, and its evident sympathy with the emotions of the mind; the skin, with its intimate relation to the most vital of our organs, as those of respiration, circulation and digestion, together with the delicacy and susceptibility of its own texture; and the teeth, also, from their peculiar structure, formed as they are, of bone or dentine, and cased with a fibrous investment of enamel; these admirable and highly essential portions of our frames, are all to be regarded not merely as objects of external beauty and display, but as having an intimate relation to our health, and the due discharge of the vital functions. The care of them ought never to be entrusted to ignorant or unskilful hands; and it is highly satisfactory to point out as protectors of these vital portions of our frame the preparations which have emanated from the laboratories of the Messrs. Rowlands, their unrivalled Macassar for the hair, their Kalydor for improving and beautifying the complexion, and their Odonto for the teeth and gums.

NEW NOVELS IN THE PRESS.

In Three Vols.

THE MAITLANDS.

In Three Vols.

TREASON AT HOME.

By MRS. GREENOUGH.

BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, AND BED ROOM FURNITURE.

HEAL & SON'S

Show Rooms contain a large assortment of Brass Bedsteads, suitable both for home use and for Tropical Climates.

Handsome Iron Bedsteads, with Brass Mountings, and elegantly Japanned.

Plain Iron Bedsteads for Servants.

Every description of Woodstead, in Mahogany, Birch, and Walnut Tree Woods, Polished Deal and Japanned, all fitted with Bedding and Furnitures complete.

Also, every description of Bed Room Furniture, consisting of Wardrobes, Chests of Drawers, Washstands, Tables, Chairs, Sofas, Couches, and every article for the complete furnishing of a Bed Room.

AN

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,

Containing Designs and Prices of 150 articles of Bed Room Furniture, as well as of 100 Bedsteads, and Prices of every description of Bedding

Sent Free by Post.

HEAL & SON,

BEDSTEAD, BEDDING,

AND

BED ROOM FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS

196, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,

LONDON. W.

J. W. BENSON,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER, BY WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT, TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

Maker of the Great Clock for the Exhibition, 1862, and of the Chronograph Dial, by which was timed "The Derby" of 1857, 1863, and 1864 Prize Medallist, Class XXIII., and Honourable Mention, Class XV., begs respectfully to invite the attention of the nobility, gentry, and public to his establishment at

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL,

Which, having recently been increased in size by the incorporation of the two houses in the rear, is now the most extensive and richly stocked in London. In

THE WATCH DEPARTMENT

Will be found every description of Pocket Horological Machine, from the most expensive instruments of precision to the working man's substantial time-keeper. The stock comprises Watches, with every kind of case, gold and silver, plain, engine-turned, engraved, enamelled, chased, and jewelled, and with dials of enamel, silver, or gold, either neatly ornamented or richly embellished.

BENSON'S WATCHES.

"The movements are of the finest quality which the art of horology is at present capable of producing."—*Illustrated London News* 8th Nov., 1862.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S WATCHES.

Adapted for every class, climate, and country. Wholesale and retail from 20 guineas to 2½ guineas each.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London

BENSON'S WATCHES.

Chronometer, duplex, lever, horizontal, repeating, centre seconds, keyless, astronomical, reversible, chronograph, blind men's, Indian, presentation, and railway, to suit all classes.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S WATCHES.

London-made levers, gold from £10 10s., silver from £5 5s.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S WATCHES.

Swiss watches of guaranteed quality, gold from £5 5s; silver from £2 15s. 6d.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

Benson's Exact Watch.

Gold from £30; silver from £5 5s.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

Benson's Indian Watch.

Gold, £23; silver, £11 11s

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S CLOCKS.

"The clocks and watches were objects of great attraction, and well repaid the trouble of an inspection."—*Illustrated London News*, 8th November, 1862.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S CLOCKS.

Suitable for the dining and drawing rooms library, bedroom, hall, staircase, bracket, carriage, skeleton, chime, musical, night, astronomical, regulator, shop, warehouse, office, counting house, &c.,

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S CLOCKS.

Drawing room clocks, richly gilt, and ornamented with fine enamels from the imperial manufactories of Sèvres, from £40 to £100.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S CLOCKS,

For the dining room, in every shape, style, and variety of bronze—red, green, copper, Florentine, &c. A thousand can be selected from, from 100 guineas to 7 guineas.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S CLOCKS,

In the following marbles:—Black, rouge antique, Sienne, d'Egypte, rouge vert, malachite, white, rosée, serpentine, Brocatelle, porphyry, green, griotte, d'Ecosse, alabaster, lapis lazuli Algerian onyx, Californian.

38 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

THE HOUSE-CLOCK DEPARTMENT,

For whose more convenient accommodation J. W. BENSON has opened spacious show rooms at Ludgate Hill, will be found to contain the largest and most varied stock of Clocks of every description, in gilt, bronze, marbles, porcelain, and woods of the choicest kinds.

In this department is also included a very fine collection of

BRONZES D'ART,

BENSON'S ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET free by post for three stamps, contains a short history of horology, with prices and patterns of every description of watch and clock, and enables those who live in any part of the world to select a watch, and have it sent safe by post.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

NEW NOVELS IN THE PRESS.

In Three Vols. (In November.)

COMMON SENSE,

By Mrs. J. C. Newby,

Author of "Wondrous Strange," "Kate Kennedy," &c.

In Three Vols. (In November.)

MAGGIE LYNNE,

By Alton Clyde,

Author of "Tried and True," &c.

In Three Vols. (In November.)

A TROUBLED STREAM,

By C. Hardcastle,

Author of "The Cliffords of Oakley," "Constance Dale."

THE TOILET.—A due attention to the gifts and graces of the person, and a becoming preservation of the advantages of nature, are of more value and importance with reference to our health and well-being, than many parties are inclined to suppose. Several of the most attractive portions of the human frame are delicate and fragile, in proportion as they are graceful and pleasing; and the due conservation of them is intimately associated with our health and comfort. The hair, for example, from the delicacy of its growth and texture, and its evident sympathy with the emotions of the mind; the skin, with its intimate relation to the most vital of our organs, as those of respiration, circulation and digestion, together with the delicacy and susceptibility of its own texture; and the teeth, also, from their peculiar structure, formed as they are, of bone or dentine, and cased with a fibrous investment of enamel; these admirable and highly essential portions of our frames, are all to be regarded not merely as objects of external beauty and display, but as having an intimate relation to our health, and the due discharge of the vital functions. The care of them ought never to be entrusted to ignorant or unskilful hands; and it is highly satisfactory to point out as protectors of these vital portions of our frame the preparations which have emanated from the laboratories of the Messrs. Rowlands, their unrivalled Macassar for the hair, their Kalydor for improving and beautifying the complexion, and their Odonto for the teeth and gums.

NEW NOVELS IN THE PRESS.

In Three Vols.

IT MAY BE TRUE.

By MRS. WOOD.

In Three Vols.

TREASON AT HOME.

By MRS. GREENOUGH.

WILSON'S

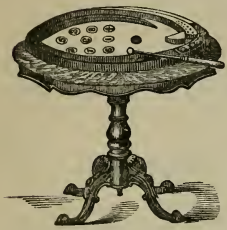
PATENT DRAWING-ROOM

BAGATELLE AND BILLIARD TABLES,

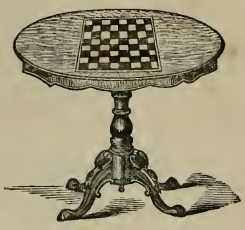
WITH REVERSIBLE TOPS.

Circular, Oblong, Oval, and other Shapes, in various Sizes,

FORMING A HANDSOME TABLE.



Patent Bagatelle Table—Open.



Patent Bagatelle Table—Closed.

Prices from 5 to 25 Guineas. Prospectus Free by post.

WILSON AND CO., PATENTEES,

Cabinet Makers, Upholsterers, House Agents, Undertakers, &c.,

18, WIGMORE STREET (Corner of Welbeck Street), LONDON, W.; also at the

MANUFACTURING COURT, CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

In 1 Vol. Price 12s.

ON CHANGE OF CLIMATE,

A GUIDE FOR TRAVELLERS IN PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

By THOMAS MORE MADDEN, M.D., M.R.C.S. Eng.

Illustrative of the Advantages of the various localities resorted to by Invalids, for the cure or alleviation of chronic diseases, especially consumption. With Observations on Climate, and its Influences on Health and Disease, the result of extensive personal experience of many Southern Climes.

SPAIN, PORTUGAL, ALGERIA, MOROCCO, FRANCE, ITALY, THE MEDITERRANEAN ISLANDS, EGYPT, &c.

"Dr. Madden has been to most of the places he describes, and his book contains the advantage of a guide, with the personal experience of a traveller. To persons who have determined that they ought to have change of climate, we can recommend Dr. Madden as a guide."—*Athenæum.*

"It contains much valuable information respecting various favorite places of resort, and is evidently the work of a well-informed physician."—*Lancet.*

"Dr. Madden's book deserves confidence—a most accurate and excellent work."—*Dublin Medical Review.*

THE

GENERAL FURNISHING

AND

UPHOLSTERY COMPANY

(LIMITED),

F. J. ACRES, MANAGER,

24 and 25, Baker Street, W.

The Company are now Exhibiting all the most approved Novelties of the Season in

CARPETS, CHINTZES,

MUSLIN CURTAINS,

And every variety of textile fabric for Upholstery purposes constituting the most recherché selection in the trade.

BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, AND BED ROOM FURNITURE.

HEAL & SON'S

Show Rooms contain a large assortment of Brass Bedsteads, suitable both for home use and for Tropical Climates.

Handsome Iron Bedsteads, with Brass Mountings, and elegantly Japanned.

Plain Iron Bedsteads for Servants.

Every description of Woodstead, in Mahogany, Birch, and Walnut Tree Woods, Polished Deal and Japanned, all fitted with Bedding and Furnitures complete.

Also, every description of Bed Room Furniture, consisting of Wardrobes, Chests of Drawers, Washstands, Tables, Chairs, Sofas, Couches, and every article for the complete furnishing of a Bed Room.

AN

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE,

Containing Designs and Prices of 150 articles of Bed Room Furniture, as well as of 100 Bedsteads, and Prices of every description of Bedding

Sent Free by Post.

HEAL & SON,

BEDSTEAD, BEDDING,

AND

BED ROOM FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS

196, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,

LONDON. W.

J. W. BENSON,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER, BY WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT, TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,

Maker of the Great Clock for the Exhibition, 1862, and of the Chronograph Dial, by which was timed "The Derby" of 1862, 1863, and 1864. Prize Medallist, Class XXXIII., and Honourable Mention, Class XV., begs respectfully to invite the attention of the nobility, gentry, and public to his establishment at

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL,

Which, having recently been increased in size by the incorporation of the two houses in the rear, is now the most extensive and richly stocked in London. In

THE WATCH DEPARTMENT

Will be found every description of Pocket Horological Machine, from the most expensive instruments of precision to the working man's substantial time-keeper. The stock comprises Watches, with every kind of case, gold and silver, plain, engine-turned, engraved, enamelled, chased, and jewelled, and with dials of enamel, silver, or gold, either neatly ornamented or richly embellished.

BENSON'S WATCHES.

"The movements are of the finest quality which the art of horology is at present capable of producing."—*Illustrated London News* 8th Nov., 1862.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S WATCHES.

Adapted for every class, climate, and country. Wholesale and retail from 20s guineas to 2½ guineas each.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London

BENSON'S WATCHES.

Chronometer, duplex, lever, horizontal, repeating, centre seconds, keyless, astronomical, reversible, chronograph, blind men's, Indian, presentation, and railway, to suit all classes.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S WATCHES.

London-made levers, gold from £10 10s., silver from £5 5s.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S WATCHES.

Swiss watches of guaranteed quality, gold from £5 5s; silver from £2 12s. 6d.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

Benson's Exact Watch.

Gold from £30; silver from £24.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

Benson's Indian Watch.

Gold, £23; silver, £11 11s

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S CLOCKS.

"The clocks and watches were objects of great attraction, and well repaid the trouble of an inspection."—*Illustrated London News*, 8th November, 1862.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S CLOCKS.

Suitable for the dining and drawing rooms, library, bedroom, hall, staircase, bracket, carriage, skeleton, chime, musical, night, astronomical, regulator, shop, warehouse, office, counting house, &c,

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S CLOCKS.

Drawing room clocks, richly gilt, and ornamented with fine enamels from the imperial manufactories of Sèvres, from £200 to £2 2s.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S CLOCKS,

For the dining room, in every shape, style, and variety of bronze—red, green, copper, Florentine, &c. A thousand can be selected from, from 100 guineas to 2 guineas.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

BENSON'S CLOCKS,

In the following marbles:—Black, rouge antique, Sienne, d'Egypte, rouge vert, malachite, white, rosée, serpentine, Brocatelle, porphyry, green, griotte, d'Ecosse, alabaster, lapis lazuli Algerian onyx, Californian.

38 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, London.

THE HOUSE-CLOCK DEPARTMENT,

For whose more convenient accommodation J. W. BENSON has opened spacious show rooms at Ludgate Hill, will be found to contain the largest and most varied stock of Clocks of every description, in gilt, bronze, marbles, porcelain, and woods of the choicest kinds.

In this department is also included a very fine collection of

BRONZES D'ART,

BENSON'S ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, free by post for three stamps, contains a short history of Horology, with prices and patterns of every description of watch and clock, and enables those who live in any part of the world to select a watch, and have it sent safe by post.

33 & 34, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

TEETH WITHOUT PAIN AND WITHOUT SPRINGS.

OSTEO EIDON FOR ARTIFICIAL TEETH,
EQUAL TO NATURE.

Complete Sets £4 4s £7 7s, £10 10s., £15 15s., and £21.

SINGLE TEETH AND PARTIAL SETS AT PROPORTIONATELY MODERATE CHARGES.

A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

London:
27, HARLEY STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.
134, DUKE STREET, LIVERPOOL.
65, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

City Address:
64, LUDGATE HILL, 64.
(4 doors from the Railway Bridge).

ONLY ONE VISIT REQUIRED FROM COUNTRY PATIENTS.

Gabriel's Treatise on the Teeth, explaining their patented mode of supplying Teeth without Springs or Wires, may be had gratis on application, or free by post.

FAMILY MOURNING.

MESSRS. JAY

Would respectfully announce that great saving may be made by purchasing Mourning at their Establishment,

THEIR STOCK OF

FAMILY MOURNING

BEING

THE LARGEST IN EUROPE.

MOURNING COSTUME

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

KEPT READY-MADE,

And can be forwarded to Town or Country at a moment's notice.

The most reasonable Prices are charged, and the wear of every Article Guaranteed.

THE LONDON

GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

247 & 248, REGENT STREET,

(NEXT THE CIRCUS.)

JAY'S.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 040250117